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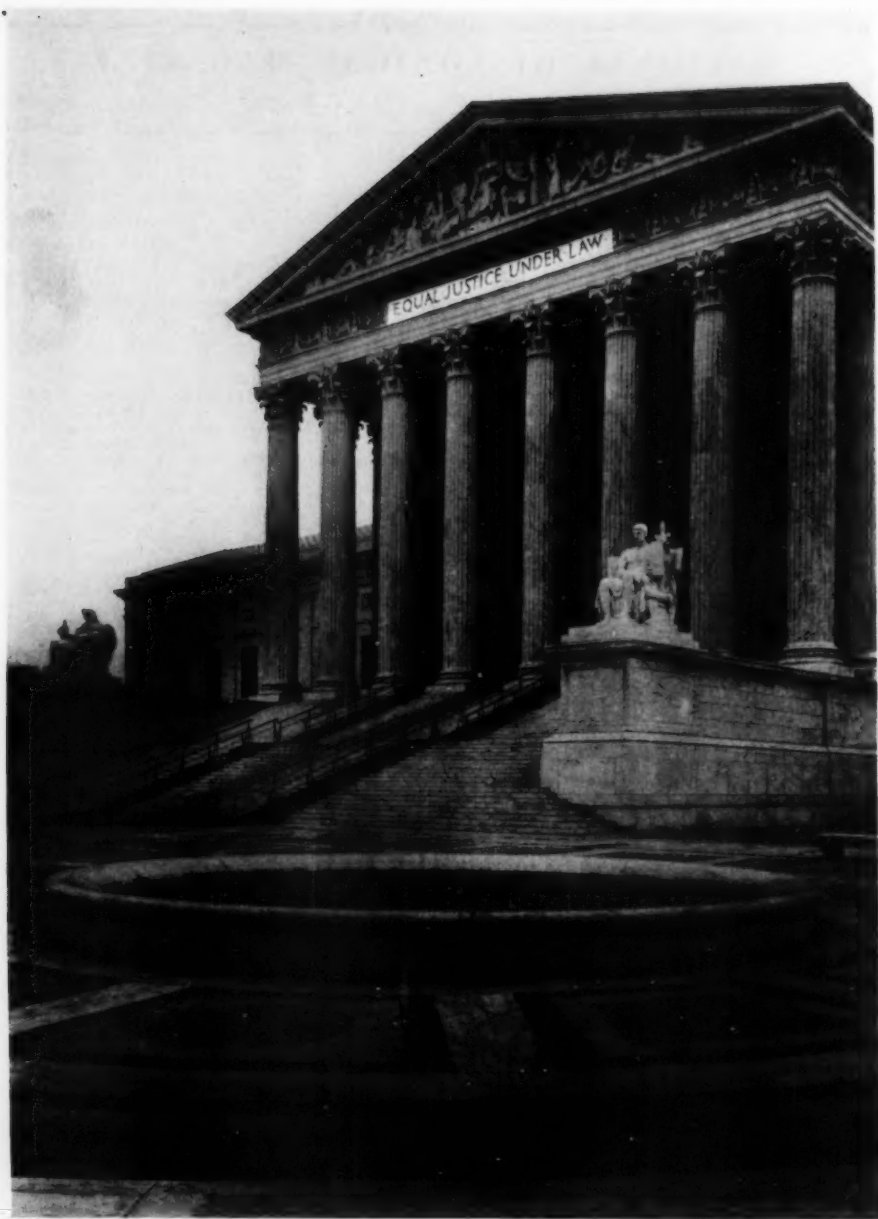
Editor

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The new Supreme Court Building

in Washington, which bears upon its façade the words "Equal Justice Under Law"

"Created Equal"

SARAH CORBIN ROBERT

President General, N.S.D.A.R.

AT THE APPROACH of the great religious festivals, lessons recording their origins are read in the churches. On those days the clergy expound their meaning. At the approach of the great patriotic holidays of the nation, it is equally fitting that their stories be read and that their significance be studied.

No statement in the Declaration of Independence has aroused more comment than the assertion that "all men are created equal." Critics have said: "They were insincere. They knew this never could be true." Men agree that the framers did not indicate a belief that all are endowed by nature with equal talent, judgment, or intelligence. It is safe to believe that they meant one thing, namely: given the same conditions and circumstances, the rights of all men should be equal before the law. This idea was then new. At that time governments were conceived as existing apart from the people whose only liberties were such as were granted by the graciousness of an hereditary sovereign. Even in the most advanced nations, the rights of the people consisted then only in participation in legislative councils. That this idea of equality is still an ideal of our nation is indicated in the words carved over the entrance of the new Supreme Court Building: "Equal Justice Under Law."

If the framers of the Declaration believed more, it was only as a hope. Through the years, however, an added interpretation has developed: America as a land of equal opportunity; that each of her citizens is entitled to a chance to develop himself to the best of his individual ability.

Recently a woman whose family has enjoyed advantages for several generations was discussing with a college student the progress of a young man who through fine effort is winning an unusual place in one of America's greatest universities. She said: "With your background, it should be you, and not he, who should have that position." If she meant that, because of favorable environment, more was to be expected from this young man, her statement was justified. Subsequent remarks, however, indicated that she thought that something belonged to him by virtue of past excellence. She would be startled were one to tell her that she does not believe in American principles. She forgets that to lift the ore from the pit requires not only those who reach down from the top but also those who have the courage to work from the bottom upward. In building a tunnel, progress is made from both ends and, when the drilling starts, the effort is approximately equal from either side, even though one half of the force may have had to scale the mountain and cross to the far side before the work began.

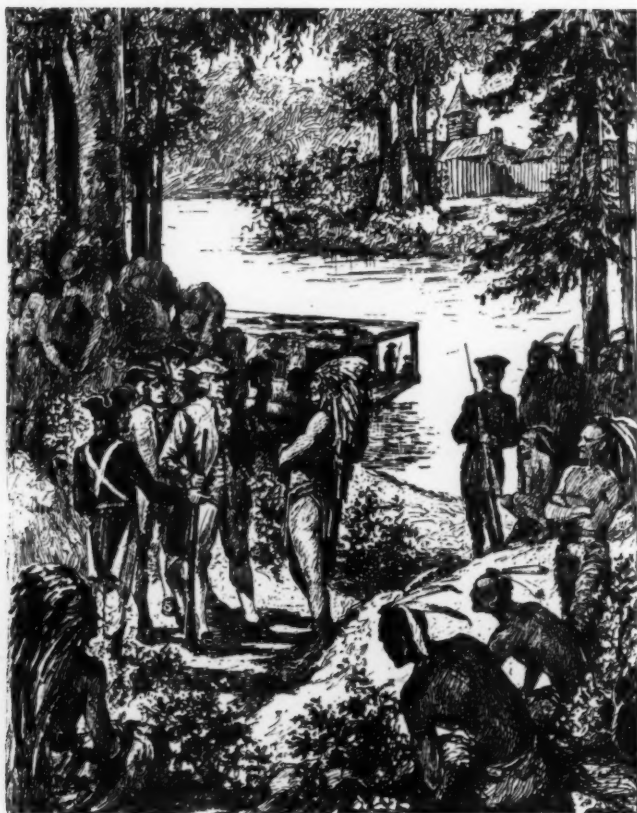
In other words, any successful advancement toward the ideal of American equality must still be accomplished through the concerted effort of all, those who have already gone far and those who need courage and encouragement to push on.

A major factor in the progress of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution has been its consistent effort to extend opportunity, in the confident faith, as our founders expressed it, of "affording to young and old such advantages as shall create in them the largest capacity of performing the duties of American citizens."

To give meaning today to this ideal involves: first, a belief that our people should have an equal opportunity to develop themselves, each to the best of his individual talents and ability; secondly, that the opportunity for such development be extended until within the reach of all; and lastly, that boys and girls and adults alike be trained in the desire to avail themselves of the opportunity when it offers.

One hundred and sixty years has not been long enough to accomplish it. Probably one hundred and sixty more will not be. But, if we are honest, we must recognize that many of our citizens now in places of greatest service to their fellow countrymen have risen from humble origins to those positions, only through the courage to seize an opportunity offered and with the faith in the American idea of equality as their inspiration.

As Independence Day approaches, read the "Lesson of the Day."



Wm. Mark Young

LANDING AT MARIETTA ON APRIL 7, 1788

Worth Her Salt

JOSEPHINE É. PHILLIPS

BOOM! The sunset gun thundered out across the river, and boom! it came again in an echo from the high woodlands back of the Fort.

Sitting there on the far bank and expecting it, though she was, Marie clutched at her brother's arm for a moment, when it came.

"Will you never get used to it?" John teased gently, smiling down at her and freeing himself from her grasp.

Marie shook her head. "I'll never get used to anything in this strange place. The cabins are so tiny and the forests so great! And the yellow river with its boatloads of families going down to settle Kaintuck! It is so different from our sparkling Merrimac back home, and the white sails slipping off to the sea. Even with the new settlement across there,"—she pointed—"the village they're calling Adelphi, 'brothers,' I can't like it the way you do. I've

tried, because Mother would want me to. And because Father works so hard. But I can't."

John was silent. She knew what was in his mind. For a time he, too, had been bitter and unforgiving that weariness from the long mountain journey and the first hard cabin tasks and, finally, the river-fever, should have taken their mother from them.

Together they watched the light of the July sunset as it faded from the rippled surface of the broad Ohio, and from the Muskingum flowing into it, there by the Fort. Faintly, now and then, came the sound of distant pounding and the ring of a broadaxe, splitting into oak. Men were working late, across at Adelphi. They were making ready for a great celebration of Independence Day, on the morrow.

Hunter Kerr reported that a fine bower of branches had been fashioned under the trees, and a table sixty feet long for spreading the banquet. Nearly all these settlers had served in the Revolutionary War, Marie knew, and many of them as officers. They had sacrificed much for their country, even their homes. Now Congress was allowing them to buy land and build in this new Territory North West of the River Ohio. To them Freedom really meant something and they would give this twelfth birthday of it—the first in the wilderness—a fit observance with many speeches and a feast. July fourth, 1788, would be long remembered.

Venison and bear meat would be furnished by Hunter Kerr, of the island. And three days ago young James Backus, who was in charge of the banquet, had crossed to the Virginia side, to Isaac and Rebecca Williams' clearing, where John and Marie and their father had their cabin, and invited them all to come to the celebration. He had purchased pork and corn meal, and Rebecca had loaned him the best iron pots and skillets from her fireside. Marie helped her scour them with sand and ashes, while the little Drusilla Williams toddled about the doorstep, trying to get into mischief.

"We can use plates of bark and spoons of horn and wood at the table," Mrs. Williams had explained, as they worked. "But such would hardly serve for baking and roast-

ing, over the fire-pits! And there were few kettles as heavy as these that they could manage to pack over the mountains."

"It will be a handsome celebration!" John spoke now, his eyes shining with anticipation. "There won't be silver trenchers or golden goblets, but it's what's in a dish, that counts. Just think! Green peas from the Fort garden! And melons are ripe! And beans! Tell me, Sister, what are you taking for your share in the feast?"

"I?—Why, I hadn't thought of taking anything, except my appetite."

"But you must! Everyone is taking something special. I was hoping for a big catch of fish, but Mr. Devol's huge pike discouraged me."

"And well it might!" Marie laughed. "Didn't Hunter Kerr say that that fish weighed ninety-eight pounds on General Putnam's own steelyards? And strung on a pole across the shoulders of two men, its tail dragged on the ground!"

John nodded. "So I'm furnishing something else."

"What?"

"It's a secret, and you needn't try to guess. My!" He stared dreamily out across the glowing waters. "Won't it be fine? The officers in their uniforms, and their ladies in silk gowns. Think of it, Marie! To see silk again!"

"Silk—" Marie whispered the word, choking back the lump in her throat. Sometimes, back in the old life, their mother had worn silk.

"Sparkly and rusty," John went on. "Silk isn't much use here in the forest, but the officers' ladies will be bringing theirs out tomorrow. What shall you wear?"

"I?—Why, this same old scratchy linsay-woolsey that I wear every day. It is all I have, since I outgrew my sprigged calico. Mrs. Williams cut that over for Drusilla, and wove this for me. I'm grateful to her, too, but—" Suddenly tears came to her eyes. She tried to fight them back. "Oh, John! I—I don't want to go across to that old banquet."

"Don't want to go?" He stared at her.

"To see silk gowns and hear fine ladies talk, and to eat wheaten bread just one day in the whole year!" She spoke almost fiercely. "It will make it harder than ever

to come back to—all this!" She waved toward the rude, ugly cabins, clustered about the clearing.

"Hm!" John was silent a moment, then he said slowly, "Do you suppose you can put up with—all this—just until fall?"

If Marie heard his last words she did not heed them. She sprang up suddenly and ran up the path to their cabin, still trying to choke back the unhappiness and loneliness that throbbed in her throat. She went straight to the corner cupboard and, reaching on tiptoe, took down the little blue china pitcher that stood there so bravely beside the wooden serving bowls and the golden-brown drinking-gourds, and the small box of fine salt that belonged to John.

She pressed the pitcher gently to her cheek, then caressed the delicate surface of it with her fingertips. It was the only truly beautiful object in that little room—the only treasure left, of the few things they had brought from the East. It had been her mother's and, before that, in France, her grandmother's. When things went hard—when her arms ached from the grinding of corn in a little hand-mill, or her feet were tired from much errand-running for Mrs. Williams—there was always the little blue pitcher to come back to, for a moment of rest and comfort and remembering.

Tonight something was wrong. The pitcher did not bring comfort. The only remembering it brought was of John's question—"What are you taking for your share in the celebration?"

Of course she had nothing. She could not even think of anything John had, or what his secret might be. Certainly there was nothing for her—Or was there? What had Mrs. Williams said about no fine serving-dishes for the table?

The blue pitcher's nose seemed tilted saucily at her—"Take me—take me—" it was coaxing. But of course she couldn't.

Just then, from the thicket outside the cabin door, there came drifting the sweet notes of a bird's twilight song. Marie listened, and something within her melted. The ache left her throat. In a flash she knew she would never forgive herself if she did not share this bit of beauty with the

settlers who were celebrating, as best they could, the birth of Freedom.

"But I shall never, never forgive the forest if anything happens to you over there," she whispered to the blue pitcher, as she returned it to its place beside the wooden bowls.

Next morning, even before the sunrise gun, everyone was stirring at the Williams settlement. Chores must be done before they started to the banquet-bower. John and Marie were busy as the rest. Mr. Mayhew found them on hands and knees scrubbing the hearthstone so furiously that suddenly they bumped heads.

"Oooh!" John rocked back and forth on his heels.

"Oooh!" Marie laughed gayly, rubbing her own curly mop of hair.

"Why, daughter!" Mr. Mayhew exclaimed. "I've not seen you so happy for months. We must have Fourths of July oftener!" He and John exchanged glances full of meaning, that Marie did not see.

"She's gay," John explained, "because she has a secret and would like to guess mine."

"I do and I would," Marie giggled. "But if Fourth of July came any oftener, this hearthstone would be worn quite away with John's scrubbing of it."

When her own cabin work was done, Marie helped with Drusilla, dressing her in the cut-over sprigged calico. The little girl looked very sweet, her bright eyes shining out from the depths of a butternut-brown sunbonnet, her feet never still in their beaded Indian moccasins, the gift of Hunter Kerr. Marie was to have charge of her all day, giving Mrs. Williams a chance to help with the banquet. She thought it would need a woman's attention. None of the settlers had brought on their wives or families yet, and the officers' ladies from Fort Harmar would not arrive until banquet-time.

Before starting down the steep path to the boat that lay waiting, Marie ran to her cabin cupboard. She wrapped the blue pitcher carefully in a scrap of tow-cloth and tucked it into her big pinafore pocket. Then she kept her hand protectively over the

bulge it made. The least jolt or snapping-back of a branch might break it. On the way back she met John, who handed her a package about the size of her own, wrapped in tow-cloth, too.

"Would you mind taking care of this for me, Sis? I have to be working around with the other men." John stood his straightest and tallest when he spoke of himself as a man. He was, indeed, almost thirteen years old. In case of Indian attack he would be given arms and ammunition with the rest. "I'm afraid I'll spill it."

"Spill it?" Marie cried, feeling the package. "Oh, John! You aren't taking your precious salt? I'd never have guessed that! What a treat for everybody!"

"I thought so," John said proudly. "Especially on Mr. Devol's big fish. You'll take care of it?"

"Of course!"

Marie looked after him thoughtfully as he hurried to help load the boat. She was glad she had decided to take the little pitcher, if John was being so generous. Salt was dear in this country so far from the ocean. That in common use was bitter and dark-colored. John's was pure, fine salt from mines in Europe. It had been given him by an old sea captain back home and was greatly prized. It was set out only on special occasions. Of course she would take care of it! She started to cram the box into her other pocket, then she thought of a better way. By emptying the salt into her little pitcher she would have only one pocket to guard. The box could be left behind. It was a task of but a moment to make the transfer, to fill and re-wrap the pitcher.

"How sultry it is!" Mrs. Williams exclaimed, when all had taken their seats in the boat and the men pushed off. "I believe we'll have a shower."

"But we couldn't! Not on this Fourth of July day!" John cried in such dismay that they all laughed.

Dark clouds hung in the west, but for now the sun beat down hotly. Marie held tightly to Drusilla, one moment to keep her from tumbling overboard as she watched the silvery fish flashing about the boat, the

next moment to keep her from bouncing back against the pitcher of salt.

Soon they reached the Muskingum and rowed along it till they came to the green bower with its long table and the smoking fire-pits where meat and fish were roasting. Some of the men Marie recognized at once; General Putnam and General Tupper and Colonel Sproat—one would never mistake him! Six feet, four inches tall, "Hetuck—Big Buckeye," the Indians called him.

She hurried about, trying to make herself useful, letting Drusilla help unwrap the pitcher of salt and place it. How beautiful it looked against the gleaming white of the newly-hewn puncheon table!

She felt a heavy hand on her shoulder and looked up to see Colonel Sprout smiling down at her.

"That pitcher makes me think of home," he said. "And so do you. I left a little girl back in Providence, about your big-ness. Do you mind if I pull your hair?"

"Not if you pull it carefully," Marie giggled.

He gave it the gentlest sort of a yank, then turned quickly away. Marie saw him draw his coarse sleeve across his eyes. But before she had time to wonder if big Hetuck was really homesick, Drusilla was squealing and pointing excitedly.

There, darting playfully in and out among the stumps, were two dappled fawns, no bigger than puppies, but longer of leg. Colonel Sproat explained that a few days past the little creatures had followed the hunter home when the mother-deer had been shot for venison. The settlers' dogs had been trained not to frighten them and now they were almost tame. Drusilla ran to catch one but it promptly bounded away, followed by its fellow, and disappeared in the thicket.

John called then and they went to the river bank. The twelve-oar galley from the Fort was on its way over, bringing uniformed officers and their finely-dressed ladies. All was bustle and confusion. Food was set on the table. General Putnam assigned persons to their places according to their rank. How good everything smelled! How fine everything looked—

especially the blue pitcher. Already the ladies were exclaiming over it, and one had dipped a forefinger daintily in the white salt and tasted it. Marie had just got Drusilla propped up on the bench with an extra slab of wood to sit on. No one had noticed the sky or listened to the distant rumble of thunder. Suddenly the bower grew dark.

All in the same instant came a flashing of lightning, a crashing of thunder, and a splashing of rain! Everything was in an uproar. Everyone was scurrying. Steaming food in the big trenchers and kettles was hustled under the table for protection from the rain. As soon as she could reach it, Marie snatched up her pitcher of salt and ran with it to a stump at the edge of the clearing, left her pinafore covering it, and ran back just in time to keep Drusilla from sitting down in a bowl of hot gravy.

John had his hands full driving the dogs from the banquet. Temptation enough when it was on the tables, now it was directly under their noses! The ladies, huddling under the coats of the gallant officers, squealed at each fresh clap of thunder.

Between lightning flashes Marie tried to comfort Drusilla. Drusilla wasn't disturbed by the weather, but she did object to having her dinner delayed any longer. Finally, in despair, Marie cleared a little dry place for her under the table, and loaded her plate with bear's meat and venison and fish and white bread and peas and beans, poured gravy over it all, and was about to start feeding her with a big horn spoon when she heard John calling excitedly.

"Marie! Marie!" He was running toward the stump.

Marie dropped the spoon in Drusilla's lap and ran after him.

"What is it, John?" she cried.

He turned and looked at her, bewildered but relieved. "Oh, is that you?"

"Of course, silly!"

"B-but I thought that was you—being dragged off that stump and into the thicket. It was only your pinafore! Look! The rascals!"

Marie laughed at the sight. One fawn

seemed trying to devour her pinafore. The other was tugging it away from him.

Then she cried out in alarm. "The little pitcher! Where is that?"

As she ran forward to look, the fawns bounded away. Marie lifted the dragged pinafore. Under it lay her treasure, shattered, and its burden of fine salt rapidly dissolving in the rain.

She began gathering up the blue fragments, glad that she had to kneel and John could not see her face. She was angry with herself. She ought never to have brought the pitcher, trusted it to a puncheon table and a clearing full of stumps and—wild creatures. She could not forgive herself. She thought she could never forgive the forest. She stood up, hugging the wet bundle.

John laid his hand on her arm, understandingly. "I'm sorry, little sister. I'd been going to tell you, how proud I was that you were sharing it. It was all that you had, wasn't it?"

She nodded.

"Don't cry. There are many blue pitchers in the East, as good as this. We'll buy another, when we go back."

"When—we—go—back?" Marie echoed, in a hopeless little wail.

"When we go back," John repeated firmly. "We shall go back as soon as Father has helped Mr. Williams with the harvest. He knows you are not happy here. You were named for a queen. This is no place for a queen—or for fine china!"

"Going back—" Marie's eyes were glowing, through tears and rain. But she could not believe. "Why hasn't Father told me?"

"Because—well—" John faltered. "He would have, little sister, but I asked him to wait. Until after today. I thought this celebration—if you had a good time—and saw Adelphi and heard the speeches of what the settlers plan to build here, churches and schools, and even a university—you would be willing to stay."

"Oh!" Marie stood very still, then seated herself on the stump. "You mean—I was sort of on trial—today?"

"Not you, but the wilderness, rather. The Northwest Territory," he explained, with a little laugh. "But I can understand.

You've been brave, and tried, but this isn't the place for you."

Marie did not heed the raindrops that trickled down her cheeks, carrying her tears with them. She was thinking. How wonderful it would be, to go back! To see again the brisk Merrimac and the broad stretches of ocean, and the tall-steepled white church.

To have a cozy house with glass at the windows and rugs on the floor. To have silver and china—

Suddenly she felt a tugging at her bundle. Something warm and moist nuzzled against her hand. One little dappled fawn was back! Like a pet kitten, he jumped into her lap.

"Oh, see how he likes me!" Marie cried delightedly, fondling the soft, eager creature. "It is magic."

"It is not!" laughed John.

"He tastes on your hands and pinafore the salt that was in your pitcher. Animals love salt."

"Oh!" Marie was disappointed at that simple explanation.

Just then the rain stopped and the sun shone out, and from a forest thicket came the sweet melting bird song she had heard the evening before. Suddenly she jumped up, still hugging the fawn but letting the blue bits of china fall unheeded to the ground.

"We aren't going back, John! If the wilderness was on trial today, the wilderness has won! If this little wild fawn can

turn tame, I guess I can—turn wild! I may seem like fine china to you and Father, but I can prove I'm—worth my salt. We aren't going back!—But, oh, my goodness! Do you see what I see?"

John saw. He ran with her to set to rights what turned out to be a little girl in a sprigged calico frock and a butternut-

brown sunbonnet. Drusilla, having eaten her fill under the table, had emerged, and because of the gravy still on her frock and face she had become the center of attraction for several of the dogs. They had accidentally tipped her over in their attentions.

Drusilla was more surprised than frightened, and she quickly recovered when Marie placed the little fawn in her arms.

The men were lifting trenchers back onto the table,

to resume the banquet, when Mr. Mayhew hurried up with news for his daughter.

"Had you heard? The settlement's name has been changed! It is no longer Adelphi, but like you, it will be named for Marie Antoinette, the gracious Queen of France, who gave aid to our country when it was new. See! Notice is posted on that tree! The settlement will be called 'Marietta.'"

"Marietta," Marie said the word over, softly. "That is a nice name. And, Father! Had you heard? We are not going back to the East. My little blue pitcher is broken, so there is nothing now to call me back."



From a painting by Anton Hickel from life, engraved by Simon Malgo

MARIE ANTOINETTE



C. Rodney

On the King's Highway

(1770-1776)

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

This is the second article in the series by Mrs. Coblentz in which she interprets episodes in American history through "Animal Pioneers"

IT WAS nearly noon and three horses could be seen on that great curve of the King's highway, the new colonial road which wound from Philadelphia through the counties on the Delaware, as far as Dover itself and farther.

The horses were moving along comfortably, at peace with the world in general,

and thinking no doubt how nice it was to have a wide, well-made road on which to travel. One horse was stabled at Dover, the second at Lewes, and the third was a Chester horse.

Cæsar Rodney was riding the Dover horse homeward. The horse from Lewes was also going in the same direction, return-

ing to the comfortable stable of his Quaker mistress, and carrying some particularly good seed corn in his saddle bags.

The Chester horse was traveling the other way, hauling a load of hay from Dover, back to his barn at Chester. His master, who was an innkeeper there, had run a little short of fodder that spring.

As all three animals were thus attending to their business, which was of course, the business of their owners, a group of some dozen or more British soldiers swept into sight from behind the willow trees where the road had seemed to merge with the sky. Instantly the horses sensed a new alertness on the patter of the men who were with them. For the colonists knew both from experience and hearsay that trouble was apt to present itself where the British horses and their uniformed riders went. The soldiers quartered at different forts in the colonies were often arrogant, and the colonists, short-tempered.

On came the soldiers' horses, four abreast, lifting their feet high and arching their necks. While the road was a wide one for its day, it was most certainly not wide enough for more than four horses at a time.

The Chester horse met the newcomers first. He turned out as near the edge of the road as he could get and waited. "Farther, farther, this is my road," demanded the haughty eyes of the horse who would pass nearest the Chester horse.

"Your road? I helped to build it. I dragged plenty of stones for it," answered the Chester horse. "And I am already as far out to one side as I can get."

But the British horses showed no sign of breaking their line, or of themselves crowding over as they came on.

They were just about to meet, nose to nose, the American and the British horse, when suddenly the British soldier nearest the horse from Chester, snapped his whip straight over the shoulders of the American horse. The lash cut cruelly, and in spite of himself, the surprised horse jumped frantically. Over went the load of hay into the ditch beside the road, while the horse, too, was almost dragged down with the cart. Only by dint of very quick juggling with his feet did he manage to keep himself upright.

There was laughter from the soldiers,

mingled with derisive thuddings from the heels of the departing British mounts. But the horse from Chester, overcome with shame and remorse for the accident, stood with drooping head until the hay was reloaded. Then, with a great effort, he regained the road once more. He agreed heartily with his Master's words—"I like neither the British soldiers nor their horses."

But the soldiers, still using all the road, pounded on, until they caught up with the horse carrying his saddle bags of corn to Lewes. Out flashed the British soldier's whip again, and the horse from Lewes was crowded off the road, his sides splashed and bedaubed with a shower of dirty water and mud struck from a puddle which happened to lie in that portion of the road.

The servant who was driving the Lewes horse said nothing as he quieted the trembling creature, but he looked with dislike after the soldiers. The man was trembling, too, but not from fear.

Ahead of the soldiers the third horse, the Dover horse was ambling along, and the Britishers catching sight of him, grinned. It was great sport to pass these Americans.

The Dover horse heard the horses behind him, but his leisurely pace did not change. Only Cæsar Rodney saw the constant flicking backward of his left ear as the horse gauged the distance of the sound behind him. Knowing his mount, Rodney chuckled and loosened his tight grasp of the bridle rein.

In solid mass the British horses drew nearer and nearer, yet the American horse seemed unconcerned. Not until the animals behind him were thudding at his very heels did the pace of the horse from Dover change.

"Out of the way," called the British soldier, as usual rising in his saddle and grasping his whip, as he started to crowd by. Then, flash, flash, went the heels of the Dover horse, spitting very fire from the stones. He was out of the way all right—but not too far out of the way.

He flicked his ear and went the least mite slower. Just a little ahead he was now, just a little ahead.

The soldiers urged their horses to close that gap between them and the heels of the American horse. Yet somehow that gap

stayed there. The Dover horse still remained a little ahead.

"Does that country creature think he can best us?" fumed the British soldiers. "These are *His Majesty's horses*; they will show him," and the men plied their whips.

But clickerty-clack, clickerty-clack, went the heels of Cæsar Rodney's horse, his left ear twitching back and forth gayly.

The Britishers used whips and spurs, then their hands and their voices, and their horses responded as best they could. But still ahead of them moved the horse from Dover, flinging the dust of his heels upward, his long tail sometimes flaunting itself almost in the noses of the British horses racing behind him.

"I don't like British horses," clicked his heels. "I don't like British soldiers," flicked his left ear, and "I don't like bad manners," his lips seemed to say, as he pulled them back a little from his teeth. Or perhaps that was the way he had of laughing, as he thought to himself: "This is called the King's Highway, but American horses and American men built it. And here is one Delaware horse who will teach you a lesson. Come on, slow pokes, slow pokes, slow pokes, clickerty clack, clickerty clack. . . ."

And he kept the soldiers and their horses behind him all the way to Dover where, with a final flourish of his tail, a last flick of his left ear, and a wave of Cæsar Rodney's hand, the Dover horse turned into the lane that led to his own barn.

But that wasn't the end of the story. On a day to come there was to be another race for these three horses along the King's Highway—a race this time for freedom.

For the difficulties between the motherland and the colonies finally ripened into war. At first it was hoped that England, learning that the colonists were willing to fight to keep certain privileges, would grant them the amount of freedom and representative government which they wished, and which the people in England already had. But soon the bitterness on both sides grew so great it was realized that no such settlement could be reached.

Cæsar Rodney was one of those who had believed for years that independence from England was the only solution. He had ridden the Dover horse through much of

Delaware telling his views to the people of that province. But after fighting had actually begun and George Washington had been appointed the Commander-in-Chief of the forces of the colonies, Cæsar Rodney was appointed a brigadier general. Then the Dover horse had to taste the bitterness of staying at home in Dover, while his master rode off on a younger mount.

The horse from Lewes and the horse from Chester were not serving in the war either. The mistress of the Lewes horse was a Quaker, and she believed that war was always wrong; while the Chester horse, like the Dover one was considered a little old for military service, even though he was sound and could still race many a younger steed to a finish. He was disappointed enough. Still somebody had to serve at home.

The sentiment for independence began to spread among the people, and accordingly each colony sent delegates to a meeting in Philadelphia, which was to discuss that question.

At that meeting a Declaration of Independence was drawn up, and the representatives of the colonies were to vote on it. It was desired that the vote on such an important question be unanimous, but a few colonies were prevented from immediately approving the Declaration for different reasons. One of these colonies was Delaware.

This was because that of Delaware's three delegates only two were attending the Congress. One of these delegates was in favor of independence and one was not. So the Delaware vote would be tied. Cæsar Rodney was the third delegate and business for the colonies had kept him in Delaware. It was known, though, that if he were at Philadelphia, he would favor independence and his vote would carry that colony. The Delaware delegate who also wanted to vote for colonial freedom sent a messenger to Rodney, with a letter telling him how important it was that he should be present in time for the voting.

Cæsar Rodney was calling on the Quaker widow at Lewes when the messenger from the Continental Congress reached him. Now it happened that Rodney had recently purchased the widow's horse, and that creature was standing all saddled in the

shade by the house waiting his new master's departure, when the messenger from Philadelphia arrived.

The Lewes horse had been thinking of the day when the British soldiers had crowded him off the road and splashed his sides with mud, when suddenly the door of the widow's house opened, and Cæsar Rodney rushed out, the note he had just received crushed in his hand.

The widow called after him, but Rodney paid no attention. The gate was in his way, but Cæsar Rodney vaulted it. In another second he was on his new horse's back, calling out over his shoulder, "I must be in Philadelphia tomorrow morning to vote for freedom from the British. It means American Independence."

The horse flung up his head, and no one who saw him rushing toward Dover that summer day would have dreamed he was not in the heyday of his youth.

At Dover, Cæsar Rodney took the horse who had beaten the British soldiers on that race to Dover, several years before. "Race to beat the British soldiers again," he begged, and at the words, the Dover horse flicked back his left ear. Then away he sped like the wind, racing for his master and for independence, clickerty, clack, clickerty clack.

Whenever he started to tire the Dover horse would flick back that left ear. Then, as though he heard ghostly hoofbeats at his very heels, he would go on with a fresh burst of speed. The hours flashed by and at last Cæsar Rodney came to Chester.

"A fresh horse, please," cried Rodney to the innkeeper. "I ride for Independence, and I must be in Philadelphia tomorrow."

"There isn't much in the barn, but you shall have the best I have," promised the innkeeper, and he called to his son and went with him to saddle the horse whose load of hay had once been tumbled into the ditch. The horse had never forgotten.

And so when Rodney's exhausted horse from Dover managed to tell the Chester horse the reason his master hurried through the night, the Chester horse neighed, which was his way of promising to do his best. "And that will be better than I have ever done before," he said to himself.

Cæsar Rodney reeled as he was helped into the saddle, for he was an ill man and already greatly exhausted from his ride. Again and again during the night the Chester horse caught a muffled moan, which seemed to come from between teeth clenched tightly. So the Chester horse tried to choose the road with as much care as possible, in order that the riding should not be too difficult. Yet, in spite of having to be careful, the horse accordingly went faster than he had ever gone before, faster than he himself would have thought possible.

Finally the roofs of Philadelphia were slanting before him. Without pausing, horse and rider hastened through the streets, leaving a long swirl of dust behind them.

Outside a hall in Philadelphia, a man was waiting, looking anxiously up the road—it was the delegate from Delaware, who had sent the messenger for Rodney. This was the day for voting.

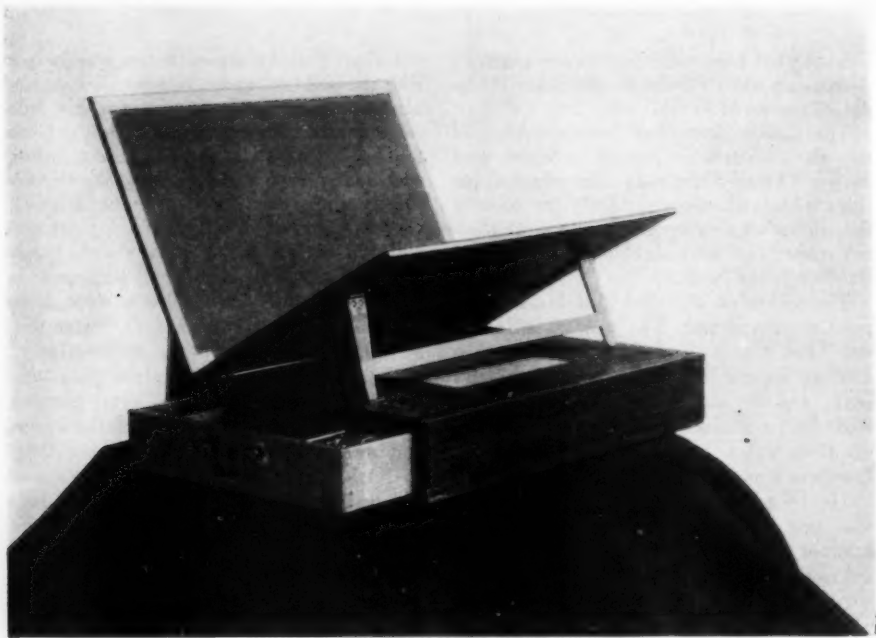
The waiting man paced back and forth, nervously, watching the road. Finally he caught the sound of approaching hoofbeats, the sound of a horse who was to tire that occasionally it stumbled, and yet still was trying to hurry, hurry. The waiting man stood still, scarcely breathing, not daring to believe that which he so hoped.

Down the street came a tired horse, panting and stumbling, yet for all that running, running gallantly. A man reeled in the saddle, a man in pain. When Rodney reached the front of the hall he dropped the reins and would have fallen had not his friend's arm saved him. Cæsar Rodney uttered two words, "In time?"

"In time!" answered the other, and the Chester horse watched as the two men entered the hall, Rodney booted and spurred and covered with dust, leaning on the encircling arm of his companion.

The horse stood with drooping head, breathing hard, and listening to the murmur of voices through the window. Suddenly he heard Rodney's voice and he lifted his head to listen. Strong and clear came the syllables, strong and clear and very definite, "*I vote for independence.*"

A new nation was born. Three horses added to one man had helped make the American Independence Day.



Courtesy the National Museum

THE DECLARATION DESK

Jefferson's "Writing Box"

Officially the Declaration Desk

PAUL R. KERCHENDORFER

WHEN Thomas Jefferson left Virginia in May, 1776, as a delegate to the Continental Congress, convened in Philadelphia, he bore with him two things that were destined to play vital parts in the history of our country. The first was an invisible blue-print of the Declaration of Independence; the second, a small sketch of a portable writing desk.

Arriving in Philadelphia the young Virginia statesman took lodgings with Ben Randall, a master cabinet-maker, whose quiet home stood on Chestnut Street between Third and Fourth Streets. To that skilful worker in fine woods Jefferson intrusted the plans for the desk, asking Randall to make the tiny portable at once, and complete it as speedily as possible.

Tradition claims that the very day that Thomas Jefferson took his seat in the Con-

tinental Congress, Ben Randall started work upon what proved to be the Desk of Destiny. Certain it is that Ben Randall was a skilful and rapid worker, for on June 10th, 1776, when Thomas Jefferson was appointed one of a committee of five to draft a Declaration of Independence, the little desk was finished, complete in each miniature detail, and sitting upon the lodging room table, quite ready to do its part in calling a nation into being.

Upon Jefferson's return to Virginia, after those epoch-making weeks in Philadelphia, he had in his possession the visible substance of the shadows he had brought to the Quaker City; the original draft of the Great Paper, and the tiny desk upon which he had penned words that shook from a king's crown its brightest jewel.

The young statesman had left the city as quietly as he had entered it, his mind so filled with hopes and plans for Virginia and her sister colonies that no thought of self could find entrance. He neither knew nor cared that with a few swift strokes of his pen he had built himself a monument that touched the highest star, even as he had laid four-square the basic stone upon which American freedom was to rest.

In the study at Monticello the little portable found an abiding place, and was always ready at Jefferson's right hand when the eminent Virginian chose to write ideas that are today, woven into the warp and woof of our national life. During those hectic years that this country was taking form, and its various factions and conditions were coalescing and fusing into a Nation, Thomas Jefferson went up and down the earth on swift and tireless feet, attending to public affairs. With him went the tiny portable, strong, sturdy and neatly packed with all the materials a busy and constant writer would need.

While Thomas Jefferson was serving the nation as war Governor of Virginia, Minister to France, Secretary of State under Washington, Vice-President, and then President of the United States, he doubtless drafted many of the history-making state papers upon the tiny desk that was the child of his brain. Then there came a period of well-earned rest—"the last of life for which the first had been given, when he and his faithful 'writing box', as he termed it, found sweet and peaceful sanctuary at Monticello."

To his beautiful home came Jefferson's daughter, Martha Randolph, with her husband and children, giving the Sage of Monticello the family life for which his heart had always longed, but that his patriotism had caused him to give up that he might be busy about his country's business. At his quiet retreat the great of the earth sought the most versatile man of his own or any other age. From all over the civilized world they came, diplomats, statesmen, authors, scientists, each glad to touch the hand that had penned the Declaration of Independence. The proudest and the wisest were proud to sit at the feet of the statesman whose perspicacious mind had

called a mighty nation into being, and whose executive ability, united with the powers of Washington and Franklin, and their confreres in uniting its many parts into one unbreakable whole.

Those visiting savants struck fire from Jefferson's many faceted intellect, but his happiest hours were those spent in the company of his favorite grandchild, Ellen Randolph. A sacred bond of affection existed between the wise statesman, and the young girl, whose brilliant mind bloomed like a rare flower beneath his tender guidance. When Ellen married Mr. Joseph Coolidge, in 1825, her departure to her new home in Boston left an empty place in Jefferson's heart and daily life. It was at that time he wrote to Edward Everett: "She is so deeply seated in my affections that a kindness to her counts tenfold to me."

It was the affection he bore Ellen that enabled him to realize her desolation when the vessel bearing her luggage was lost. It carried with it treasures never to be replaced; dear possessions of her childhood and girlhood.

Jefferson wrote her with rare sympathy, mentioning especially a desk that she had cherished. It was then that the Sage of Monticello did one of the most gracious deeds of a life that was as gemmed with acts of kindness as the sky is gemmed with stars. He presented Mr. Coolidge, Ellen's husband, his own beloved little "writing box" that had been his constant companion for nearly fifty years. He knew that the tiny portable was dear to Ellen's heart; that to her it seemed a part of her home, and of himself. It would compensate in a measure for the loss of her own desk, made for her by John Hemmings, an old friend, whose eyes were now too dim for him to fashion another.

From 1825 until 1880, Jefferson's writing box was cherished in its northern home. The world had forgotten it until July 4th, 1876, when the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop presented it to the eyes, and recalled it to minds of the American people. In his great Centennial Oration, before the City Council and citizens of Boston, delivered in the Music Hall, on July 4th, 1876, Mr. Winthrop said:

Thomas Jefferson gives this Writing desk to Joseph Coolidge, Jr., as a memorial of affection. It was made from a drawing of his own, by Ben. Randall, cabinet maker of Philadelphia, with whom he first lodged on his arrival in that city in May 1776, and is the identical one on which he wrote the Declaration of Independence. Politics, as well as Religion, has its superstitions. These, gaining strength with time, may, one day, give imaginary value to this relic, for its association with the birth of the Great Charter of our Independence.
Monticello, Nov. 18. 1825;

Courtesy the National Museum

AUTOGRAPHED INSCRIPTION WHICH IS PASTED INSIDE THE TOP OF JEFFERSON'S DESK

"The earliest honors of this day certainly may well be paid here and throughout the country, to the young Virginian of the 'masterly Pen.'

"And here, by the favor of a highly valued friend and fellow-citizen to whom it was given by Jefferson himself a few months before his death, I am privileged to hold in my hands, and lift up to the eager gaze of you all, a most compact and convenient little mahogany case, which bears this autograph inscription on its face, dated 'Monticello, November 18th, 1825.'

"Thomas Jefferson gives this Writing Desk to Joseph Coolidge, Jr., as a memorial of his affection. It was made from a drawing of his own by Ben Randall, Cabinet-maker of Philadelphia with whom he first lodged on his arrival in that City in May, 1776, and is the identical one on which he wrote the Declaration of Independence.

"Politics as well as religion has its superstitions. These gaining strength with time, may one day, give imaginary value to this relic for its association with the birth of the Great Charter of our Independence."

"The modesty of the writer betrayed even the masterly pen. There is no imaginary value to this

relic, no superstition is required to render it as precious and as priceless a piece of wood as the secular woods of the world ever possessed. No Cabinet-maker on earth will have a more enduring name than this inscription has secured to 'Ben Randall of Philadelphia.'"

Three years later Mr. Coolidge died, and his heirs presented the Declaration Desk to the nation. It was formally turned over to President Rutherford B. Hayes, by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, on April 14th, 1880. The Congressional Record for Thursday, April 22d, 1880, states that a message, in writing from the President of the United States was communicated to the House by Mr. Pruden, one of his secretaries. In this written message President Hayes recommends to Congress the acceptance of the desk, and expresses the hope "That such action be taken by Congress as may be deemed appropriate with reference to a

gift to the nation so precious in its history and for the memorable associations which belong to it."

Congress accepted the desk in the joint resolution offered by Mr. Crapo of Massachusetts.

"Resolved by the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress Assembled: That the thanks of the Congress be presented to J. Randolph Coolidge, Dr. Algernon Coolidge, Mr. Thomas Jefferson Coolidge and Mrs. Ellen Dwight, citizens of Massachusetts for the Patriotic gift of the writing-desk presented by Thomas Jefferson to their father, the late Mr. Joseph Coolidge, upon which the Declaration of Independence was written. And be it further resolved: That this precious relic is hereby accepted in the name of the nation, and that the same be deposited for safe keeping in the Department of State of the United States. And be it further resolved: That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the President of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, be transmitted to the donors."

On April 23d the Resolutions and the Desk were presented to the Senate where the acceptance was confirmed, and the Writing Box intrusted to the Department of State.

The Declaration Desk is made of the finest mahogany, to which time has given

a depth and richness of color that is jewel-like in its beauty. The portable is about the size of a quarto volume, and has a miniature drawer, with places for paper, ink and pens. The drawer possesses a handsome and durable brass handle, and when the desk is locked, it may be carried with ease. The top is double, formed of two thin mahogany leaves that open, presenting a broad writing surface. This can be adjusted at various angles by means of tiny legs that fit into minute holes in the desk's top. The two leaves are covered with green felt, the outer edges being rimmed with bands of the mahogany.

Inside the top is pasted the paper upon which Thomas Jefferson wrote his brief and modest history of the desk when he gave it to Mr. Coolidge in 1825.

Destiny seems to have held forth guiding hands to both the Declaration Desk and the Great Paper that was written upon it. When the National Capital was established in the District of Columbia, the Declaration was carried there with other valuable State papers, and it is now enshrined in the Library of Congress. And not far away, in the care of the National Museum, rests the little Declaration Desk, the famous "relic" which possesses more than "imaginary value" in the heart of every real American.



Waves in the Desert

BESSIE SCHENCK BUNTEN

*The Indian potter, on his bright-hued rug,
Deftly designs and paints upon a jug
The curve of ocean waves along the shore,
Repeated o'er and o'er,
With swift successive line of ebb and flow.
How did the desert potter know
The beauty of an ocean wave
Breaking upon a pebbly shore?
From what forgotten, ancient lore
Did he derive the form he gave,*

*Just as his father gave before?
Dun sands about him, blue skies overhead,
With twisted cactus spread
Beneath grim, tortured yucca, and
Gray sage-brush filling all the land;—
These are the pictures wrought before his
eyes,
These are the only things that he can know;
Yet in his soul, the cool green billows rise,
And curl, and break in an unceasing flow.*



United States Indian Service

AN APACHE WOMAN WITH HER BASKETS AND RUGS

The Spirit of the Hand-made

II. Our First Craftsmen

LENA CRESWELL

The following article on Indian weaving is the second in a series of articles which will be devoted to different aspects of antiques

WE TRAVEL the world over in search of art treasures to beautify our homes, while at our very doors there is a little-known and fast vanishing art worthy of our consideration, born of man's instinctive desire to make beautiful the objects used in daily living.

The first American artists were the North American Indians. It has been said that the negro is a born musician; the Indian a born artist. The Indian's contribution to arts and crafts is distinctive—as unique

as his own people. He works with no thought for fame or applause. His is art purely for art's sake.

The Indian is a child of nature and the wild beauty of his country is his source of inspiration. He sees spirit in every form of life. Indian art portrays the wonders of nature—mountains, trees, rivers, birds and stars—human characteristics and sacred beliefs—by means of symbols. The cloud form in Indian design is not the picture of a cloud but a symbol meaning a cloud; as

a wavy line means water, and a cross stands for a star. The Indian's art is closely interwoven with his religion and his religion is part of his daily life.

The earthen jar, the water gourd, the woven blanket all are graced with designs. And many times the design is the symbol of a prayer. The prayer of the Indian is offered in many ways, by the ceremonial smoking of tobacco which symbolizes the breath of life, by scattering holy-corn pollen, emblem of fruitfulness. Prayer is offered in the designs of woven fabrics, in bead work, in pottery, in decorations of all kinds, in dances, in ceremonies and in songs.

Baskets are very important in the life of Indians. Each Indian basket has a practical use. The Indian was cradled in a papoose basket. When he traveled his belongings were carried in a big conical burden basket. A large basket was his water pail. The Klinket Indians of Alaska make a basket called the "thief basket". In the lid is a small space which contains the gravel from the grouse craw, and it is the only thing used for that purpose. It is supposed to keep away the evil spirits. When it is picked up it rattles or makes a noise, hence its name "Thief Basket".

Indian baskets are woven and not plaited as are those of most races. The basket maker requires few tools—a very sharp knife, an awl and a dish to hold water for soaking the fibers. In primitive days the knife was of obsidian or bottle glass and the awl was a small bone from the deer's leg. A steel brad is now used. Materials must be collected at the proper time and hung up to dry. In Southern California the three-leaved sumac or squaw-weed which resembles closely the poison oak and the deer grass were the materials used. There are two kinds of stitches, the coil weave which runs round and round and the twined weave which is woven in and out over a rib frame-work.

Age is a determining factor in the value of a basket. Behind the art of weaving as practiced by the old Indians lie hundreds and hundreds of years of development. Anthropologists tell us that a race of basket makers preceded the Cliff Dwellers in the Pueblo country some four thousand years ago.

It takes many days, weeks, months—and even years for an Indian to finish a finely woven basket. One round of these early baskets about six inches in diameter required nearly four hundred stitches. Once around was a day's work for the old Indian women. One of the best baskets contains thirty stitches to the inch. The saying, "It won't hold water," distinguishes the Indian basket of today from those woven before commercialism began to supplant utility and pride. In the old days a basket was woven with such tight stitches it would hold water, and could be used for cooking, a household necessity. Today tightly woven baskets have given way to cans and other modern facilities. Now the Indian baskets are woven for the requirements of the trade, which means something that will look primitive and gaudy and costs very little.

Two tribes of the southwest Indians, the Pima and western Apache, make black and white basketry, and large shallow bowls. Both use large and angular geometric designs. The Pima Indians use a large flat coil and the Apache a small round coil.

In the mountains of northwestern California live the Poma Indians, a tribe known as the greatest basket weavers in the world. Two of their tribe, William and Mary, have persisted in the art of basket weaving to a degree of beauty and perfection that has never been surpassed. Each basket is made according to a special plan in the mind of the weaver. No visible pattern or model guides the eye or hand of these primitive craftsmen.

To show what he was able to do in the way of delicate weaving, William made a set of baskets ranging from the size of a small fingernail to a pinhead model. These minute baskets are the finest specimens of the weaver's art. The tiny one, the size of a pinhead, is perfect. No doubt it is the tiniest basket ever made. William's trained eyes were able to design and execute this tiny basket without glasses. The fingernail basket is canoe shaped and has a perfect design.

The Pomo basket does not attempt to tell a story or a historic incident. It is planned for use and beauty. There are said to be eleven different Pomo weaves. Feathers adorn some of the Pomo baskets, caught



United States Indian Service

A PAPAGO INDIAN WEAVER. THE PAPAGO TRIBE IS ONE OF THE PIMAN INDIANS OF ARIZONA

one at a time into the firm, water-tight weaving. They form a velvety cover for the outside of the baskets.

The craft of Indian basket weaving is passing with the old Indians because the children are becoming Americanized and do not care for the art. The demand for the baskets is not great enough to support the craft. Then, too, the Indian can earn as a laborer from twenty to thirty dollars per month, so why should he work day after day at his baskets for only five or ten dollars apiece? The old Indian baskets are today an art which may be imitated but never equaled.

The market for baskets, as a rule, is confined to collectors, one of whom is Edward E. Davis, of Mesa Grande, near San Diego, California, who has a collection numbering several hundred. His collection is said to be one of the largest in the country and he is recognized by the Smith-

sonian Institution as a reliable authority. The Indians of the surrounding country have known him for years and bring him their wares. Individual pieces in this collection range from the tiny Pomo baskets to the large Apache burden baskets which are from two and a half to three feet high. Mr. Davis has about thirty of the small Pomo baskets in a glass bottle. The smallest one measures one-quarter of an inch across; all have a perfect ornamental design. Some have been used to cook in and others for roasting pinon nuts. There is a hat basket, a winnowing basket and a porous basket for leaching acorn meal, that is to take the bitter out of the meal. In this collection are several Hopi burden baskets with buckskin fringe, and many Mission Indian baskets and Piman Indian baskets. Two large Apache water baskets are glazed with pitch so that they will not break when dropped. Mr. Davis explained

that baskets finished with a black braided edge were made by a grandmother, and that the young married women made baskets with a plain black edge, while the black and white was made by the young unmarried girl.

Mr. Davis had a cocoa blanket in his collection which he sold to the American Museum of Natural History at Washington, D. C. Cocoa blankets were woven out of the fiber of the Spanish bayonet by Los Coyote Indians. This plant was crushed and soaked in the hot sulphur water at Warner Springs, which the Indians say was essential to the process. The fiber was then combed from the pulp and twisted into coarse thread. Pegs in the ground served as a loom.

The Indians of the southwest are the artists of the American tribes especially in rugs and silver. Rugs were first woven of Yucca branches and the bark of trees, the use of wool being unknown until the Spanish drifted into New Mexico in 1540.

The Navajos were weavers of basketry until they learned the art of spinning and weaving from their Pueblo neighbors, the Hopis and the Zunis. The Navajos also borrowed their color symbolism from the Pueblos—red and black representing the creative spirit—red for fire, the creative

father, and black for the creative mother. Black also represents the north while blue represents the south and red is the male color and blue the female color. Some students of Indian civilization believe that these color symbols of the Navajos originated in the Orient, because many similar color ideas are also found in Indian oriental astrology.

The Indian weaver is not bound by the conventions of any school of art. Nature is his teacher and one of his principal sources of inspiration.

The Navajo squaw is said to be America's greatest textile artist, excelling in weaving blankets and rugs. She cards, spins and dyes the wool and weaves it by hand in an almost primitive manner. The wool was pulled from the sheep by hand until the advent of the trader and the sheep shears.

The native vegetable dyes never faded but grew more beautiful with age. From the madder plant alone seven different shades of red were made. Now the ordinary dyes of commerce are substituted and very few vegetable dyes are used.

The Navajo weaver uses the same type of loom as that used by the weavers of oriental rugs. The loom is usually placed between two trees or in the hogan. Weaving is done from the bottom up by the squaw, who sits cross-legged upon the



United States Indian Service

A GROUP OF PUEBLO INDIANS MAKING POTTERY AT SANTA CLARA, NEW MEXICO

ground. She uses her hand as a shuttle. Cutting out one color, she picks up another ball and substitutes a color anywhere she desires. Loop by loop she catches the threads through and presses them down with a fork of wood. Some of the earlier rugs were so tightly woven that they would hold water. A genuine Navajo rug is woven by hand from start to finish. The inventive genius of the white man has never yet been able to reproduce the Navajo effect in a blanket.

Navajo weaving requires a lifetime of study, and the Indian is trained from childhood. The weaver makes no drawing of her design—it is a matter of pride to keep it in mind. If she refers to the finished end of the rug to refresh her memory it is thought an ill omen.

There is a distinct similarity between all the Navajo rugs, but careful study reveals that each finished rug is different from every other rug.

The old Navajo rugs were prayer offerings for the Navajo weaver, and the machine loom was refused by him. The finished Navajo rugs usually have a grey background interwoven with beautiful symbolic patterns in white and black. Sometimes there is that relieving touch of vivid red, or a soft orange color, or perhaps a warm brown.

There are few circles and curves in the Navajo scheme of patterns. The square and cross or swastika signifies good luck. Many zigzags represent the rattlesnake, which has an important place in the religion of the Navajo. The old Indians left tassels or tufts at the four corners of the blankets, symbolizing the four cardinal points of the compass.

Most interesting of all are the ceremonial rugs. The inspiration of the Sand Painting ceremonial came from the painted desert. The painting in sand is exquisite, all worked out in sand of many colors in strange designs. The sand painting must be destroyed by sundown, and the clever squaw must remember all the details to be woven in the most beautiful of all rugs. The price of ceremonial rugs ranges from two hundred and fifty to five thousand dollars.

The old Indians had a superstitious belief that if these ceremonial rugs fell into

the hands of white men the weaver lost her eyesight.

No matter how beautiful, every blanket has its flaw because of the superstition that if a blanket or rug is woven perfectly it will be the last one the weaver will ever be permitted to weave.

The silver work among the Navajos is done by the man. He still uses some of the crude tools of his fathers. Until recently, when forbidden by law, the silver he used was the Mexican dollar. Many silversmiths in the Pueblos make small pieces of jewelry. These ornaments are hand-chased and tooled, and set with native stones, the turquoise or garnet. The Navajo delights in making silver bridle heads for decorating his pony.

The olla potter's clay is found in several places in San Diego County, California. The squaws knead it like dough, shape it by hand, and then put it in an earth kiln to bake. The water olla is baked long enough to harden it, but not long enough to glaze it. The olla for cooking is baked to a glaze. Mr. Davis is especially proud of his cremation olla in which the burnt bones of Indians are placed.

Before the old Indians and the examples of Indian arts and crafts have disappeared, there is an opportunity to conserve all the beauty and traditions of Indian symbolism. Santa Fe, New Mexico, has become a center for American artists, and great interest is being aroused in the aboriginal art found there. Friends of the Indian started an art fund, and today the Santa Fe collection has become the most complete and illuminating collection of aboriginal ceramics in existence.

Navajo art is being perfected by one hundred college trained Indians, who have formed a separate colony. They make their pottery and decorate it in the traditional forms of their art, which is thousands of years old; and their work commands almost any price asked.

The "America first idea" could well be applied to the study of Indian arts, especially by women. For the magnificent arts and crafts of the Indians are almost entirely the work of women's hands. Pottery, bead work, quill embroidery, feather work, needlework, weaving, basketry—all were done and are done now by women.



A Toast To Wyoming

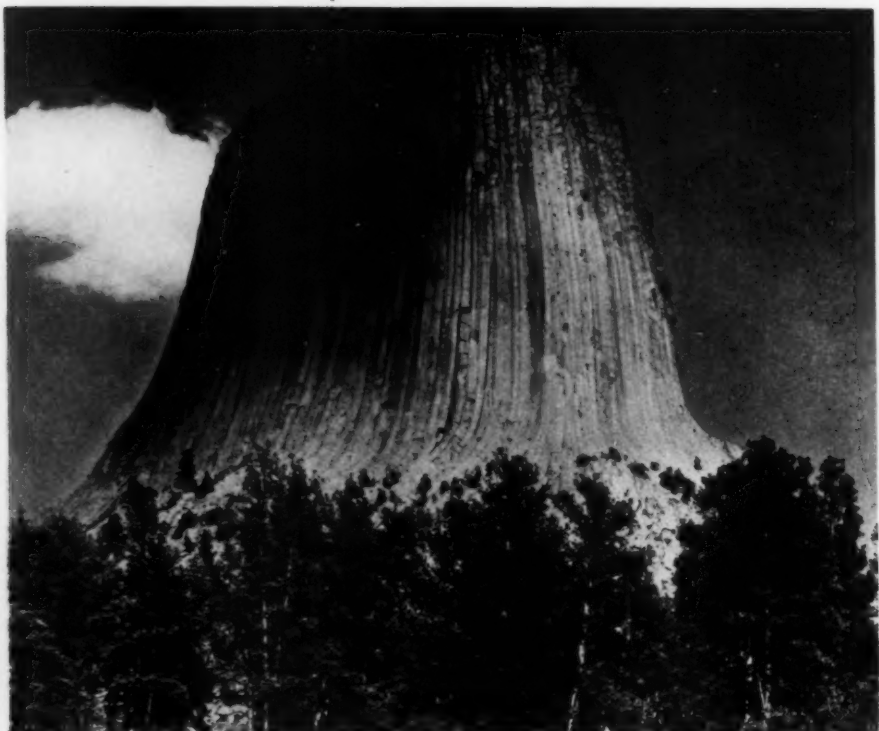
*If you've breathed the air of her hills and plains,
If you've watched her peaks in the gloaming;
If you've felt her pride when her horsemen ride,
You'll join in the toast - WYOMING.*

From a picture by Ben Beach

The Tetons and Jenny Lake

The following pages serve to delineate pictorially some
of the more outstanding features of the
beautiful State of Wyoming





Courtesy Wonderful Wyoming Society, Cheyenne, Wyoming

DEVIL'S TOWER, WHICH STANDS ALMOST NINE HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE FOOTHILL OF BRILLIANTLY COLORED SEDIMENTARY ROCK, AND WHICH IS PROBABLY UNPARALLELED ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD AS AN EXAMPLE OF COLUMNAR ROCK



A DUDE RANCH PACK TRAIN HITS THE TRAIL IN JACKSON HOLE
CRANDALL-GRAND TETON NATIONAL PARK



Carrigan Photo

HELL'S HALF ACRE. ITS DEPTH AND COLORING OF ITS WALLS AND PINNACLES RESEMBLE THE GRAND CANYON OF THE YELLOWSTONE. THE PLACE WAS VISITED BY A DETACHMENT OF CAPTAIN B. L. E. BONNEVILLE'S PARTY IN 1832 AND NAMED BY THEM "THE BURNING MOUNTAIN," AS IT WAS AT THAT TIME EMITTING SULPHUROUS FUMES AND GASES FROM BURNING BITUMINOUS DEPOSITS



AN ELK HERD ON THE GOVERNMENT FEED GROUND AT JACKSON, WYOMING
CRANDALL-GRAND TETON NATIONAL PARK



Courtesy of Wonderful Wyoming Society, Cheyenne, Wyoming

BIG HORN MINERAL FALLS AND TERRACES AT THERMOPOLIS. THE COLORS BLEND FROM WHITE AND PINK TO LEMON AND ORANGE AND PALE BLUE. HOT SPRINGS ABOUND IN THIS REGION WHERE THOUSANDS COME ANNUALLY TO DRINK AND BATHE IN THE HEALING WATERS



BISON IN CORRAL

Courtesy J. E. Haynes

Old Trails of Wyoming

RUTH HALL MOORE and ISABEL M. WILLSON

THE history of Wyoming is unique.

Other states' histories relate to their occupation, settlement and statehood, but the early history of Wyoming is a story of mighty trails, the highway where all other roads met to lead across the plains to other states. Nearby states tell of thrilling events on their borders, but Wyoming bore the brunt of the warfare started in those territories. The topography of this state was ideal for savage warfare and was the site of bloody wars in addition to the other tragedies incident to travel in a wild country, and this trouble with the Indians continued from the time of the trapper, trader, miner, emigrant and the building of the first continental railroad till the Government overcame the red men and placed them on reservations.

There were in Wyoming, three main thoroughfares; the Oregon, the Overland and the Bozeman trails. There were also the short, wild Lola trail through the Yellowstone Park, used by Chief Joseph in his skillful retreat; the Cheyenne-Deadwood trail, military and commercial in character; and the "long drive" over which immense herds of Texas long horns were driven to the north.

The Oregon Trail is the most historic highway in the United States; perhaps in the entire world. It had a number of names, as for instance the California route, the Covered Wagon road and the Mormon road; the Indians called it the Great Medicine road of the Whites. Its origin is prehistoric, for it probably had been used since the introduction of horses into the country, which was fifty to one hundred years after the discovery of America. It was not a commercial road as the Santa Fe Trail farther south, nor yet so especially a road for the goldseekers as the Cherokee trail, though it served all of these. It was just everyone's road. Homeseekers, adventurers, missionaries, explorers, the fur-traders traveled it by thousands. Between its discovery by the white men in 1813-14 up to and including the year 1867, when

it entered its decline, it is estimated that 350,000 pioneers traveled its dusty furrows and not less than 35,000 repose in unmarked graves along its entire distance of 2,020 miles. In June 1850, W. Crosby, on a trip east, counted those travelers he met between Fort Bridger and Fort Laramie. The result was—16,915 men, 235 women, 242 children, 4,627 wagons, 4,642 mules, 14,974 horses, 7,475 oxen, and 1,052 cows. It gives a thrill of awe and reverence to think of that stream of humanity that poured across our state. It was, indeed, the Path of Empire.

Independence, Missouri, a town about five miles east of Kansas City, was the starting place of this long, weary journey to Fort Vancouver, the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company. Its course ran through Fort Kearney, Nebraska, up the Platte by the natural landmarks which guided them, such as Chimney Rock and Scotts Bluff, just before entering what is now Wyoming; Warm Springs at Guernsey, Immigrant Ridge and Independence Rock near the center of the state and Devil's Gate on the Sweetwater not far beyond, through South Pass, then down the Big Sandy to Green River, southwest to Fort Bridger, into Idaho then following the valley of the Snake River into Oregon. This route crossed great mountain ranges, inhabited by ten tribes of Indians. Hunt, the first white man on this trail, making his footprints toward the west, found those of the Indian pointing the same way, and the Indian had only followed the tracks of the Buffalo and the bear, for this path followed the route of least resistance. These first white men were members of the Astorian Fur Company searching a shorter route than that previously used, which was by water around the Horn. Robert Stuart was selected to make a return journey to report the success of the undertaking. This party wintered in Wyoming, building the first cabin in the state in 1813, on the Platte southwest of the present town of Casper.



Courtesy Oregon Trail Memorial Association

FORT BRIDGER, WYOMING, 1849

The most significant find was South Pass, an easy gradual climb over the Continental Divide. In 1823, a member of the Ashley party, Etienne Provost, came that way. Some historians give the credit to Thomas Kirkpatrick, who led a party over this route at an early date.

Bonneville and his party of trappers and traders went over the trail with the first wagons to enter Wyoming, in 1832. In 1833, Robert Campbell and William Sublette, fur-traders, built Fort Laramie for the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. This fort became the most prominent one on the trail and, in time, became the most famous resting place along the route.

Jim Bridger and his men used the Oregon Trail for many years. In 1843, Bridger built the fort bearing his name. Laramie and Bridger, many miles apart at the entrance and exit of Wyoming, have been trading posts, military forts and stations on the trail.

The first missionaries to help make the Oregon Trail more indelible were the Methodists, Jensen and Lee, who came this way on their journey to the West in 1834. These were followed by the Congregational

and Presbyterian missionaries, Dr. Marcus Whitman and Reverend Samuel Parker. When these men of God reached the Green River, Whitman saw such a fruitful field for his work that he returned east for helpers. In the Spring of 1836, Whitman returned with his bride and with them was Reverend Spaulding and his bride. These wives were the first white women to go over the entire Oregon Trail. On July 4, South Pass was reached, where with proper ceremonies, the party took possession of that part of the country in the name of the United States. We may read in Mrs. Spaulding's journal, written under that date, "Is it a reality or a dream, that after four months of painful journeying, I am alive and actually standing on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, where the foot of a white woman never before trod!"

In 1840 came the pious Father DeSmet. His paths were many and varied, though he was often on the Oregon Trail. At the Green River rendezvous, on the fifth of July, 1840, the Father celebrated Mass before Indians, white men, traders, trappers, and hunters. As late as 1868, he visited Cheyenne where he told of the gold

that would some day be discovered in the Rocky Mountains.

The Trail was growing wider and deeper until it became a wide belt of furrows. Fremont made several trips to the West between the years of 1842 and 1854. He visited the forts on the trail and pushed on to the crest of the Rockies, climbed the peak which now bears his name. His expedition was equipped with surveying instruments therefore the maps he made while in the state made his explorations of most importance to the government.

The Mormons crossed the state over this trail in 1847 on their way to the Salt Lake Valley to establish a new home for the followers of their faith.

In 1849, the Trail was made more lasting when the mad rush to California for gold was made. This brought thousands. As the Indians became more desperate in their efforts to protect their hunting grounds, it became necessary for the United States Cavalry to be stationed at different points ready to sally out to save the caravans from destruction. Their travels made the trail more visible. The Oregon Trail was now a national road, although the government never contributed a cent for its construction or preservation. In 1842 there were but four buildings between Independence, Missouri and Vancouver, territory of Oregon, and these were not homes but fur-trading posts—and two of these were in Wyoming—Forts Laramie and Bridger.

The Pony Express started operations April 3rd, 1860, and in general followed the Oregon Trail except for short cuts across the prairies. It was along this same road that the Pacific Telegraph line was built in 1861.

The Overland Trail was a stage route which left the Oregon Trail at North Platte, Nebraska and ran westward on a line south of the old trail, to Fort Collins in Colorado, then northwest to Fort Sanders, the site of the present city of Laramie, thence west past Fort Halleck at the northern end of the Medicine Bow Mountains, through Bridger's Pass, joining the Oregon Trail at Green River. At Fort Bridger, the Overland stages left the old trail, turning southwest to Salt Lake. This route shortened

the distance and was not so harassed by Indians as the one through the center of the state. The gold-seekers on their way to California had used this route but it was then called the Cherokee Trail. When the Overland stages began using it in 1862, that part in Wyoming came to be called the Overland Trail.

The Bozeman Trail cut directly through the best hunting grounds of the Indians on its route to the gold fields of Montana. It left the Oregon Trail at Fort Fetterman on the Platte and ran northwest on the east side of the Big Horn Mountains. The Red Men's clothes, meat, tepee covers, their splendid lands for the sports and warfare that made so large a part of their daily life and added interest and zest to living, for them was imperiled when travel began and forts were built at Reno, Phil Kearny and C. F. Smith. The entire trail was marked with bloody incident. Each place mentioned on it recalls a tragedy.

"The Long Drive" from Texas to the North, after reaching Ogalalla, Nebraska, followed up the Platte over the Oregon Trail past Fort Laramie then turning northwest through that part of the country that had been followed by the Bozeman Trail.

The Cheyenne-Deadwood Trail was used after the Union Pacific had crossed Wyoming, to carry supplies to the mining camps of the Black Hills in Dakota. It ran from Cheyenne through Fort Laramie, north by the various stations—Rawhide, Running Water, Hat Creek, Robber's Roost, Cold Springs and the Jenny Stockade. Bull trains carried a strange assortment: flour, bacon, coffee, guns, ammunition, and miner's supplies. The stage line was started in 1876. Only the most dependable men were employed as drivers and guards for they were responsible for the safety of the passengers and of the gold shipments from the mines.

In many places the deep furrows made by the travelers on their way across our state, three-quarters of a century ago, may be easily discerned. The State Historical Commission has marked each one with suitable monuments, telling the present and future generations the story of the toiling, plodding, fighting pioneers who passed that way to build an empire.



JOHN (PORTUGEE) PHILLIPS ARRIVING AT THE OLD HORSESHOE STATION ON THE NORTH PLATTE RIVER ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1866, CARRYING THE NEWS TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD OF THE FETTERMAN MASSACRE

Historical Markers in Wyoming

ESTHER VIRGIN

NO MOVEMENT of an historical nature in Wyoming has greater significance nor will endure longer or be more genuinely appreciated by future generations than that of preserving historical landmarks and sites. Back of all efforts made in this direction springs a desire to perpetuate for all time those cherished spots so indelibly associated with the early development of our State. Such work is now being accomplished through the Historical Landmark Commission of Wyoming, and with the co-operation of local advisory boards, societies or individuals.

The first donation made to the State was the site of Old Fort Reno on the Powder River. Every reader of Wyoming history knows of the importance of that outpost of civilization during the hectic days of the Montana gold rush, when it became necessary to place armed troops along the Bozeman Trail to protect travelers from attacks by hostile Indians. A marker was erected here in September, 1927.

The Conner Battlefield, situated at the mouth of Wolf Creek on Tongue River, adjacent to the town of Ranchester, in Sheridan County, is another acquisition of importance, having been the site of an engagement between the command of General P. E. Conner and a band of Arapahoe Indians. This has been made a State Park.

Old-Fort Bridger has also been secured by the State. Eloquent tribute was paid to Jim Bridger, the foremost frontiersman of the Wyoming country, when in July, 1933, a marker was placed at Fort Bridger on the Oregon Trail. The site of Old Fort Bonneville, established in the fur trading days of 1832, is also a gift to the State and was marked in 1915 by the Oregon Trail Commission. Another important site is Fort Laramie, acquired by the Government, a short distance southwest of the town of Fort Laramie. It is the site of the first permanent establishment in what is now Wyoming. These forts are considered the most significant spots in Wyoming.

Independence Rock,—“The Great Register of the Desert”—is one of the best loved and most famous landmarks connected with the history of the west. First named “Rock Independence” by some early trappers who spent Independence Day along its base and who carved that name upon its smooth surface, it was visited in 1812 by Robert Stuart of the Astorians, by Captain Bonneville and his party in 1832, by Marcus and Narcissa Whitman in 1836, by Father De Smet in 1840, and who called it “The Great Register of the Desert” because of the number of names then cut into its sides. In 1847 Brigham Young and his followers passed this way. It is estimated that from



FORT CASPAR AS IT IS TODAY AFTER BEING RECONSTRUCTED. THE CASPER MOUNTAINS ARE VISIBLE IN THE DISTANCE

forty to fifty thousand names have been carved, scratched, printed or otherwise marked upon its surface. It was a haven of rest for the travellers of the old Overland Trail and often hundreds of families encamped there, finding relaxation and refreshment for themselves and their foot-weary animals.

A mighty mass of granite, smooth and polished by the terrible force of some slowly moving glacier in distant ages, this Silent Sentinel of the Plains has watched the passage of countless thousands on their way,—explorers, traders, trappers, adventurers, gold seekers and men and women braving the hardships and perils of this strange country to find religious freedom and homes in the far west.

According to the measurements made by Dr. Hayden, a prominent geologist who visited the rock in 1870, it is fifteen hundred and fifty-three yards in circumference and is from one hundred and ninety-three to one hundred and sixty-seven feet in height, sloping from northeast to southwest. It is fifty-three miles southwest of Casper on Wyoming Highway No. 87, E.

Fort Caspar Chapter D. A. R. has erected a granite marker here; the Masons of the State have placed a plaque on Independence Rock in memory of the first Masonic Services in the West; here, also, you will find a Pony Express marker presented for erection by Troop 21, Boy Scouts of Woodmere, Long Island, New York, in memory

of James A. Shoemaker of Billings, Montana, whom several Boy Scouts of this Troop had come to know during the Independence Rock National Boy Scouts Rendezvous in 1930. Other important fort sites include Fort Phil Kearney, northwest of Buffalo. It was the best of the three Bozeman Trail posts established in 1866. Fort Fetterman, northwest of Douglas, was established in 1867. Fort Halleck, in the shadow of the Elk Mountains in Carbon County, is the site of one of the most noted points on the old Overland Stage Route from the South Platte River fork of the Overland Trail. Fort Fred Steel, also in Carbon County, was used as a Government military post. Fort Sanders, about three miles south of the city of Laramie was established as a military post in 1866. This site is now owned by the Laramie Country Club and has been suitably marked by the Oregon Trail Commission of Wyoming.

Camp Stambaugh lies about two and a half miles southeast of Atlantic City. It has been marked by the Oregon Trail Commission of Wyoming. Camp Walbach, about twenty miles west of Cheyenne, was established for the protection from Indian attacks of westward bound emigrants over Cheyenne Pass. It has been provided a splendid monument by the patriotic citizens of Laramie County.

The site of Old Fort Caspar has been appropriately marked by the D. A. R. Memorial Gateway, one mile west of Casper.

It is a large gateway made of native stone. There are two bronze tablets, one on either side bearing the D. A. R. insignia. On one tablet are the words, "Erected by the Fort Caspar Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution". On the other is a brief history of Old Fort Caspar. Fort Caspar Chapter has also placed a marker on the old Oregon Trail near the site of where Caspar Collins, for whom Casper was named, was killed, one mile west of Casper.

On the Cheyenne-Deadwood Trail is the Hat Creek marker, erected in 1927 by Luke Vorhees Chapter at the Stage Station at the crossing of Hat Creek. To be a successful driver of the Cheyenne-Black Hills stage probably required as much courage and fortitude as any occupation known, as millions of dollars in gold bullion from the Black Hills gold mining operations were transported on this line. Such a driver was George Lathrop and to his memory a monument has been erected on his burial place near Lusk.

Graves of other pioneers have been marked, including the grave of Mary E. Homsley, near Fort Laramie; that of Chief Washakie and also that of Sacajawea at Fort Washakie; that of A. H. Unthank, near Fort Fetterman; and Nancy Hill's grave on the Freemont Trail, north of Kemmerer. There is a monument on the Oregon Trail, not far from Independence Rock, to the Pioneer Women who lost their lives and whose bodies lie in unknown graves besides this old highway.

Stage Stations on the Oregon Trail include the La Bonte Stage Station, the Old Horseshoe Stage Station, Old Deer Creek Station, Old Sweetwater Station and crossing, and Dry Sandy Stage Station. Many hazardous tales could these old sites relate if they were given the power of speech.

Several markers have been erected where trails cross, such as the one on the Laramie Plains where Fremont's Trail crossed the Overland Trail—another where the Oregon Trail crosses the boundary line between Nebraska and Wyoming, and again where it crosses the Colorado-Wyoming boundary. Markers have been furnished by the State and placed on the Bozeman Trail by the Sheridan and Buffalo Chapters D. A. R. On the V. V. Ranch, south of Jackson, is one placed where Reverend

Parker preached the first Protestant sermon in Wyoming, and near Pinedale, the spot of the first Holy Mass offered in this state by Father De Smet. Narcissa Whitman and Eliza Hart Spalding are said to have been the first white women in Wyoming, and to their memory monuments have been erected at Daniel and at South Pass. Near Kearney, Wyoming, is the John (Portugee) Phillips Monument in commemoration of his heroic ride from Fort Kearney to Fort Laramie to carry the news of the Fetterman Massacre and to get reinforcements for the handful of whites besieged by the Indians. He rode two hundred and thirty-six miles in two days at twenty degrees below zero. He has been called the Paul Revere of Wyoming. A marker which probably none of us will have the opportunity to see has been placed on the summit of the Grand Teton to commemorate the first ascent of the Grand Teton by the Owen party in 1898. In the city of South Pass is the Esther Morris marker on the site of the office and home of the first woman justice of the peace in the world and the author of women's suffrage in Wyoming.

The Cheyenne Chapter, D. A. R., has placed a tablet on the building where the first Territorial Legislature of Wyoming convened when the First Woman Suffrage Law was passed in the United States. The Laramie Chapter has marked the building where women first served on the jury.

Few states possess as many outstanding historic sites identified with the upbuilding and the bringing of civilization into the West as does Wyoming and I am sure that in mentioning those that I have, I have overlooked many equally as important.

The colorful, picturesque days of the trapper and trader for fur are gone. The slow-plodding emigrant trains to Oregon and the Great Salt Lake Valley will cross our state no more. The roaring days of '49, the hurrying Pony Express and the rushing Stage Coach—the last, brave stand of the Indian in defense of his choice, summer hunting grounds are likewise of the past, but in the years to come, their memory should inspire and hearten our citizens in their work and should bring increasing throngs of visitors to view and honor these historic sites with us.

Builders of Wyoming

JESSIE BERRY WEBSTER and NELLIE L. WALES

State Regent

State Historian

*"In the far and mighty West,
Where the crimson sun seeks rest,
There's a growing, splendid state
that lies above.
On the breast of this great land,
Where the massive Rockies stand,
There's Wyoming, young and strong,
The state I love."*

WE ALWAYS sing the above words with a just and growing pride. A telegram, dated, Washington, D. C., July 10, 1890, containing the following words, made the song possible:

"The people of Wyoming have won a great victory. The President made Wyoming a state at 5:30 this afternoon."

The President said it gave him great pleasure to perform the act of signing the bill. The people of that territory, he said, had shown themselves eminently fitted for the task of self government.

Into the territory that was created in 1869, at a time when the South was passing through the reconstruction period, people flocked to the West and this state received its share of those who were moved by the spirit of conquest, willing to meet privation and danger in the work of subduing the wilderness for civilization.

But we must not forget that there must have been builders prior to either of these important dates in Wyoming history. Before the trappers and prospectors, there had been a trail blazed across the great Northwest by a woman; in fact, the number of women listed among the builders of this state is unusual.

When that part of the United States in which Wyoming is located was known to the country at large as Louisiana Territory, two captains were sent to explore this newly acquired land, so that it might be definitely ascertained just where it was and the kind of country that had been purchased.

A guide was secured from the Mandan

village near where is now the city of Bismarck, North Dakota. The wife of this guide, Charbonneau, was probably the first woman to cross this wilderness. The patient, enduring, little Shoshone squaw, who served as pilot, guide and interpreter for the Lewis and Clark expedition, gave such valuable service, she won the praise and admiration of all the members of the expedition and was given much credit for the success of the journey. After several years she returned to her own people near Fort Bridger. She has been called the "Bird Woman," but to the white people she was known as Sacajawea. After her reappearance, the Shoshone tribe gave her the name of "Wades Wipe," the lost woman; "Por-rivo," meaning chief woman, for her judgment was considered valuable in their councils.

These Indians were moved to the Wind River Reservation, near the center of the state, and there Sacajawea peacefully lived with her two sons, who also served as pilots and scouts to the white man in his travels and hunting expeditions. On April 8, 1884, she passed to the Heaven she had hoped for and was given a Christian burial by Rev. John Roberts, of the Episcopal Mission. Each year thousands of people visit the little Indian cemetery to pay tribute to the faithful woman who served as guide for Lewis and Clark. A winding path among the graves leads the stranger directly to her last resting place. On either side of the simple marker are stones erected in memory of her two sons, and near by are graves of her grandchildren.

Washakie was Chief of the Shoshone Tribe of Indians when, by the Treaty of 1868, they were given land in central Wyoming. This reservation was on the east side of the Wind River Mountains and embraced the valley of the Wind River, the Owl Creek Mountains to the north and that part of the Owl Creek valley lying south of the stream.

This chief was considered the most intel-

ligent of all Indians and it is said that he never broke a treaty. His friendliness to the white man aided the soldiers in their work of protecting the travelers on the long trail and the miners and settlers in this new land. Many brave scouts from this tribe assisted Crook, Terry and Custer in their campaigns against the warring tribes.

After the Sioux war and the battle in which General Custer lost his life, white settlers began to be quite numerous. The Big Horn Basin, because of its freedom from severe storms and its acres of good soil, was visited by those on their way to the gold fields of Montana and many in search of homes. The hot springs on the Big Horn River, located in the northeast corner of the Shoshone Reservation, were visited by many of the travelers and the fame of these waters for the curing of disease spread until each summer there was a city of tents around these healing springs. The Indians had bathed here and they showed the white people how to use the water. In 1896 the Government bought from Washakie and his tribe a ten-mile square including these springs. The chief insisted upon a particular provision that a part of the water should always be free to the public.

The Shoshone people were formerly known as "Grass House People," when they lived in the barren part of Idaho and northeast Nevada. They depended for food upon fish, nuts and seeds. None of them were agriculturists, yet during the time of Washakie's rule, they worked out a very good system of irrigation, raising hay as the principal crop. There was a government school and a mission school for girls. There had been built many log houses. It must be remembered that at the present time, many of them are but one generation away from savagery, yet they show a willingness to work when there is an incentive. Surely Washakie built well.

Another builder was Jim Bridger, the most celebrated pathfinder of the Northwest, who acted as guide in all the national movements on the western plains. He was not only the greatest scout, trapper and guide but he was the most skilled frontiers-

man. To meet him, he appeared a very modest, unassuming plainsman. He knew where there were mountain passes; in fact, his sense of locality and direction was instinctive. The whole country seemed mapped on his mind. He was familiar with the habits, customs and dialects of the Indians and could talk with any of them. The immigrants found him a real friend, for he gave his time freely to guide them and to show them how to make the most progress in their travel across the plains and mountains.

The Bridger Trail from the states to Montana was the principal route to the gold fields. That trail no longer exists except on very old maps, but it is a monument to Bridger's name and fame. There are passes still known by his name, as are also beautiful mountains in both Montana and Wyoming.

Before 1840 he knew of the wonders of Yellowstone Park and was persistent in his efforts to spread a knowledge of that region. In 1843 the post where Old Fort Bridger now stands was built—the first trading post beyond the Mississippi. After Bridger sold this post to the Mormons, he for years acted as guide for the troops in the Powder River country in their campaigns against the Indians.

In Wyoming, a part of the great unexplored West, Bridger was the type of man necessary to blaze the trails for those who came after. In this task there were none his equal.

Tribute must be paid to Mrs. William A. Carter, the first woman to make Wyoming her home. Her husband, Judge Carter, on his first freighting expedition, came to Fort Bridger, October, 1858, and there the family lived—Mr. and Mrs. Carter and six children. Mr. Carter was post trader until the post was temporarily abandoned during the Civil War, when all the public and private property was without protection. After four months, a detachment of soldiers was sent from California to protect the stage line.

The hospitality of the Carter home became noted and many distinguished guests were entertained there, and this was at a time when all supplies were brought in by

freight teams, which made such trips perhaps but once a year.

Two of Wyoming's finest men were the Careys—father and son. Their service to the state was outstanding. The father, Joseph M. Carey, was appointed U. S. Attorney for the Territory on its organization and later was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. Judge Carey was elected by the people as their Congressman, serving from 1885 to 1890, and while in this office labored hard for the statehood bill, which passed and was signed by the President, July 10, 1890, accepting Wyoming into the Union. It was the forty-fourth star to be placed on the flag—a star that had such wonderful splendor, for the constitution of this new state guaranteed equal rights to all with no distinction on account of race or sex.

The people of this state appreciated the man who had been the chief builder in this important step and elected him Senator in 1890. Mr. Carey was one of the first to realize the possibilities of the cattle industry, establishing a large ranch near the site of the present city of Casper. In this business he was very successful, but he was not permitted to withdraw entirely from the official and political life of the state for, in 1911, he was elected Governor.

The old adage, "Like father, like son," was true in the Carey family, for Robert, the son of Joseph, became Governor in 1919, and in 1930, U. S. Senator. He was distinguished for his loyalty to his friends and his political convictions—outstanding as an advocate of all measures for the good of agriculture and western livestock interests.

Francis E. Warren, who was also one of our first U. S. Senators serving with Joseph Carey, had been the last Territorial Governor and when Wyoming became a state, he served as State Governor until the first election, when he was given the office of U. S. Senator. In that capacity he, for forty years, did outstanding work for Wyoming and for the nation as a whole. No man in the U. S. Senate so long held headships of such important committees as did Senator Warren.

Frank W. Mondell represented the state

in the House of Representatives for twenty-six years. His profound understanding of land laws and irrigation questions and laws enabled him to give extraordinary service to the entire West.

Another builder, who, like the Careys, served as Governor and also as Senator, was John B. Kendrick, who came from Texas to engage in the cattle business in Wyoming. He was successful, for he became an authority among the cattlemen and ranchers.

In 1914 he became Governor and two years later, U. S. Senator, which office he held until his death in 1933. With his characteristic energy and determination, he set out to perform the arduous duties of his office. His efforts in behalf of Wyoming resulted in the consummation of projects that are a memorial to his name.

Wyoming never forgets that Elwood Mead, foremost authority in the world when irrigation matters were considered, was once one of her most highly esteemed citizens. Mr. Mead was not equaled in contributing to the science of using water for developing arid lands.

William C. Deming, a publisher of a daily and weekly paper for many years, has had much to do with moulding public thought and opinion. He also proved to the nation that he was a most capable administrator when he was President of the Civil Service.

Mrs. Mary Bellamy, who now lives in Cheyenne, has the honor of being Wyoming's first woman legislator. She was elected by the voters of Albany County in 1910. In the legislature she served on important committees and caused to be introduced many bills for the protection of the rights of women and children. In addition to her legislative record, she served on state and national committees and in 1917 she was sent as representative of the women of Wyoming to aid in the drive for the passage of the national suffrage law.

The same year that Mrs. Bellamy was elected, her colleague from Albany County was Leslie B. Miller. This same Mr. Miller is now serving his second term as Governor of Wyoming. He is a builder with thought for future generations.

A vital problem is the conservation of the waters of those streams which have their source in Wyoming. Much opposition from neighboring states must be met, agreements and compacts made in order that justice is received and justice given. Governor Miller has made an exhaustive study of the situation and has traveled over the state urging the people on every occasion to aid in conserving our most valuable resource. The citizens have confidence in their Governor, feeling that he will ably discharge his responsibility in this instance as well as other duties of his executive office.

Mrs. Anna B. Miller, mother of Governor Miller, succeeded her son as legislator. She introduced a bill, drawn by the Daughters of the American Revolution, which provided for the marking of the old Oregon Trail. This bill became a law. She also introduced one of the first child-labor bills, which, although it did not pass, was a demonstration of her loyalty to the children of the state.

The whole state, and especially the University are justly proud of two of its instructors, Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard and Dr. June Downey.

The tribute given by President Crane of the University expresses the admiration, respect and love felt for the great educator, Dr. Hebard:

"Grace Raymond Hebard, engineer, administrator, librarian, historian, and champion of womanhood, citizen, teacher, and friend of youth. A library of her books preserves for us the heroic history of our pioneers; women enjoy more equality; a University lives more richly; a multitude of youth of yesterday and today honor the memory of her friendliness; future students enjoy her benefactions; and all these because she lived and served. We mourn her absence but we glory in her record of noble achievement."

She wrote: *The History and Government of Wyoming*, *Pathbreakers from River to Ocean*, *Teaching Wyoming History by Counties*, *Washakie*, *Sacajawea*, *The Bozemen Trail* in collaboration with E. A. Brininstool, *The Birth of Wyoming Day* with Marie Montabe Horton, and the *Pony*

Express was ready for the publishers at the time of her death. There were also many articles—all of historical value.

Dr. Hebard led in the struggle to include in the state constitution the same suffrage law that had been placed in the Territorial constitution through the efforts of Mrs. Morris but which some of the formers of the new law had hoped to have repealed.

Dr. June E. Downey occupied the chair of psychology in the University. She was considered as especially gifted in the art of teaching. She contributed articles to the "Bookman" and "Literary Digest" and formulated personality tests that were considered valuable by authorities in her profession. The *Alma Mater* sung by the students at the University was written by Miss Downey and she also wrote a collection of poems, "Heavenly Dykes."

Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross—first as the wife of Governor W. B. Ross—accepted the responsibility with graciousness and the honor with humility. Upon the governor's reelection Mrs. Ross again happily entered upon the duties as Wyoming's first lady. But Providence intervened. The state was facing the tremendous task of readjustment because of the death of Governor Ross.

Mrs. Ross, who had lived so close to the life of her husband, knew as no other person could, the problems at hand. Reluctantly, yet loyally, Mrs. Ross received the call—the first of its kind in the history of this state and of the United States—to become Governor to carry on the unfinished tasks of William B. Ross. Thus Wyoming again became the leader in woman's franchise. This action was never regretted. Mrs. Ross never faltered in duty. Her judgment and vision led on and out into fields of vantage. She is now the first woman to hold the position of Director of the United States Mint. Wyoming still claims Mrs. Ross as her honored citizen.

There are others, men and women, of whom we are proud. They have done a part in placing the state on a firm foundation—politically, socially, and spiritually. A book is needed instead of these lines to be just to all those who have had a place in the growth and glory of Wyoming.



WYOMING STATE CAPITOL LOCATED AT CHEYENNE

◆ THE WYOMING STATE CAPITOL ◆

FRANCES BIRKEAD BEARD

Former State Historian

THE STATE CAPITOL OF WYOMING, built in 1886-1888, stands at the head of Capitol Avenue in Cheyenne. Its gold-encrusted dome can be seen for miles around.

The building is constructed of gray sandstone, known as "Rawlins sandstone," which is a Wyoming product. The Capitol is of classic style; with its center and two wings it bears a close resemblance to the National Capitol. The main entrance is on the south side. A flight of steps leads to a wide portico which is supported by Corinthian columns.

Woodwork in stairways and wainscoting in halls and corridors is done in cherry; other woodwork throughout the building is of oak. A broad flight of steps leads to the second story. There are several bronze memorial tablets on the walls of the rotunda.

The House of Representatives sits in the east wing and the Senate holds its session in the west wing. In both of these chambers are murals by the artist, Alan True, who has caught and immortalized in oils the true spirit of the exploration and development of the Far West. Both chambers also contain numerous portraits by Boris Gordon, depicting Wyoming's celebrities—among them the late Senator Carey and the late Senator Kendrick; and there are also paintings by Wyoming's own cowboy artist, Gollings.

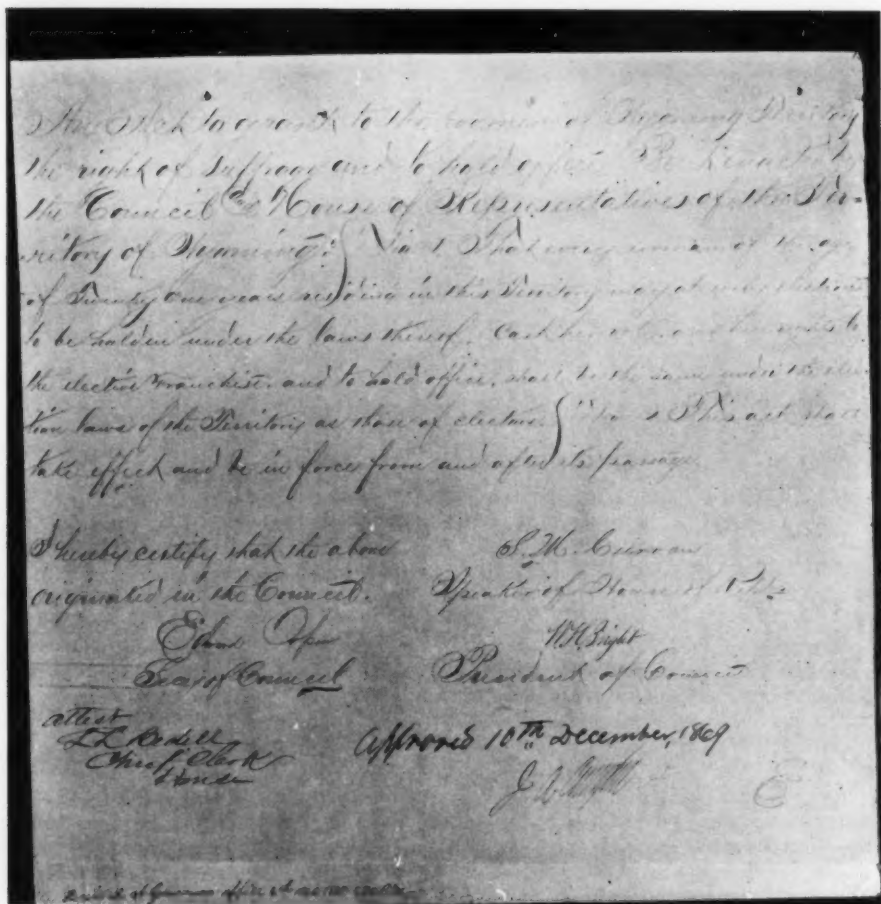
The Constitutional Convention was held in the newly-erected State Capitol. Here convened the last territorial legislature, which held but one session, then adjourned, and was immediately followed by the first state legislature, which struck its first gavel at noon, November 12, 1890, and sat for the prescribed sixty days, going into January, 1891.

In the short span of statehood, three Governors and two United States Senators have crossed the bar while discharging official duty. Their bodies rested for a brief time in the rotunda of the State House that a sorrowing people might pay homage to its distinguished dead.

The Capitol had long outgrown office room necessary to carry on the business of the state. To meet this imperative need, the State, with Governmental aid, erected in 1936 an imposing edifice which bears over its front entrance the caption, "Supreme Court, State Library". The building is in modern style, and is beautiful in its simplicity. The exterior is of a light gray Indiana limestone. The interior is finished in Tennessee marble. The Supreme Court Chambers, State Library, State Historical Department and State Museum are housed in this building.

The new State Supreme Court and State Library Building stands on Capitol Avenue, south of the State Capitol, and has a west frontage.

On May 10, 1937, the new building was dedicated with dignified and elaborate ceremonies.



THE ORIGINAL WOMAN SUFFRAGE ACT, PASSED IN 1869

Wyoming Started Something

IDA RINER GLEASON

MRS. ELIZA A. SWAIN, seventy years old, set down her small bucket and smoothed her clean apron. Then she adjusted her spectacles and marked the first ballot cast by a woman in the United States. She had gone to the polls early in the morning on her way to the baker's for yeast for the family baking.

This was at the election held September

6, 1870, and the place was the small town of Laramie in the Territory of Wyoming. There is no record of any ceremony about that first feminine vote, but it started something that eventually affected every woman in the country.

There has always been a great deal said about the west being a man's country, but in reality it is a woman's country. In the

early days those women who took a tearful farewell of their friends and relatives and went pioneering into the "wild and woolly" west, as invariably it was called, actually were trekking into a broader freedom than any they had ever known back east in the more civilized parts of the country. Oddly enough, the United States has seen a reversal of what might be expected in regard to its women. Instead of woman's rights being recognized first in the east, it was the Territory of Wyoming, with at that time a population of 9,000, which in 1869 passed this law:

"That every woman of the age of Twenty One years residing in this Territory may at every election to be holden under the laws thereof, cast her vote, and her rights to the elective Franchise, and to hold office, shall be the same under the election laws of the Territory as those of electors."*

This "Wyoming experiment," as the newspapers called it, furnished material for writers and cartoonists all over the country. Husky plainsmen in buckskin were pictured with a baby under one arm and a gun under the other, and a couplet which appeared in many newspapers, and still has a place in old guide-books, ran:

"Baby, baby, don't get in a fury,
Your mama's gone to sit on the jury."

But the new territory paid no attention to what the older and more cultured states thought about it. Wyoming admired and respected its women and believed they should be recognized, so gave them that right.

Proof that this action was not just a passing burst of chivalry lies in the fact that at the same time other laws, which had to do with women, were passed by that first territorial legislature: An act to protect women in their property rights, a provision inserted in the bill establishing a school system, that "Women school teachers should receive the same pay as men for the same service," and a resolution "That the sergeant-at-arms be required to assign seats within the bar of the house to ladies who wished to attend the deliberations of this body." Pretty advanced ideas for a pioneer

commonwealth. No wonder they were the butt for the wit and satire of the country.

During territorial days then the women of Wyoming cast their votes as a matter of course, but at the same time they did not let it interfere with their own job of keeping the homes, caring for the children, and helping and advising the men. And the men needed their help, for the territory was rugged and sparsely settled and spread out over 97,575 square miles, exclusive of the Yellowstone Park.

In 1890, when Wyoming was to be added to the Union as the forty-fourth state, the question arose again as to whether or not equal rights for women should be incorporated into the constitution of the new state.

In the constitutional convention which convened at Cheyenne, September 2, 1889, this was debated seriously. The proposed constitution, which was written mainly by my own father, John Alden Riner, at that time President of the Council of the Tenth Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Wyoming, included this section under the head of Suffrage: "Sec. I. The right of the citizens of the State of Wyoming to vote and hold office shall not be denied or abridged on account of sex. Both male and female citizens of this state shall equally enjoy all civil, political, and religious rights and privileges."

Some of the members of the convention were afraid that if the constitution was submitted with this clause in it Congress might refuse Wyoming statehood. Such a radical and far-reaching idea had never been proposed to that body before. It was suggested that this be submitted as a separate proposition.

The part which the women themselves took in deciding the issue was marked with the same dignity they had always displayed in public affairs. Without doubt it was because those few early pioneer women were the kind of women they were that equal suffrage has always been a success in Wyoming. And they were few in number at the time this question was being decided, the proportion being about one to four. But they proved themselves worthy to mother this great advance movement for their sex all over the world.

* The pledge to introduce and work for the passage of an act conferring upon the women of the new territory the right of suffrage was obtained by Mrs. Esther Morris, just before the first election for the legislature, from both candidates. To Mrs. Morris is due the honor of originating Woman Suffrage in Wyoming and the first law of its kind in the United States.

They stood side by side with their men and helped carve a state out of the wilderness. They made the clothes and cooked the meals. When necessary they loaded the guns. They bore the children and saw to it that they got education and religion, helped run the ranches and trading posts, and held public office.

My father must have been thinking of this when he said in his speech defending the woman's rights clause in the constitution: "Rather than surrender that right (equal suffrage) we will remain in territorial condition throughout the endless cycles of time."

In the end it was overwhelmingly voted to include woman suffrage in the new constitution, and on July 10, 1890, the admission bill was signed by President Benjamin Harrison. Wyoming was admitted as the first state in the Union giving equal rights to women.

Again the wits of the nation outdid themselves to make comments, and perhaps Bill Nye's are the most interesting. Previously he had edited the *Boomerang*, a newspaper in Laramie, Wyoming, so he knew the people of the state. He wrote a fictitious account of the debate on the suffrage question and gave the speeches supposed to have been made by members of the convention.

"The next speech was made by Unusual Barnes, owner of the Bar G horse ranch and the Crop Mottle and Key Q Monkey-wrench brand cattle ranch on the Upper Chugwater. He said: 'Mr. Chairman, or Speaker, or whatever you call yourself, I can cut out a steer or put my red hot monogram on a maverick the darkest night that ever blew, but I'm poorly put up to paralyze the eager throng with matchless eloquence. I tell you, talk is inexpensive, anyhow. It is rum and hired help that cost money. I agree with the chair that we want to be familiar with the range before we stampede and go wild like a lot of Texas cattle just off the trail, traveling 100 miles a day and filling their pelts with pizen weed and other peculiar vegetables. We want to consider what we're about and act with judgment. When we turn this maverick over to the governor to be branded we want to know that we're corralling the right ani-

mal. You can't lariat a broncho mule with a morning glory vine. Most always, and after we've run this bill into the chute and twisted its tail a few times, we might want to pay two or three good men to help us let loose of it. However, I shall vote for it as it is and take the chances. Passing a bill is like buying a brand of cattle on the range anyhow. You may tally ahead, and you may get everlastingly left with a little withered bunch of Texas frames that there ain't no more hopes of fattening than there would be of putting flesh on a railroad bridge.'"

A miner was the next speaker. "I believe that the mother of a statesman is better calculated to vote than a man that can't read or write. I may be a little peculiar but I think when a woman has marched a band of hostile boys all the way up to manhood and give 'em a good start and made good citizens out of 'em, with this wicked world to buck agin all the time, she can vote all day so far as I'm concerned, in preference to the man who don't know whether Michigan is in Missouri or St. Louis. I am in favor of making location and going ahead with our assessment work, and I'll bet my pile that there ain't been a measure passed by our august body this winter that will show more mineral on the dump in five years than this one."

In spite of ridicule and adverse opinions the western experiment went steadily forward. Soon the feminine eyes of the country began to turn to Wyoming and the position which her women held.

Having literally been born with the vote myself, I accepted it as casually as I did the other privileges of my western experience, until I was sent back to Wellesley, Massachusetts, to school. Here I found myself something of a curiosity when I mentioned that my mother could vote. At that time the women of staid New England were beginning to parade the streets of Boston and other cities with banners demanding equal suffrage. Before my education was finished I saw these parades develop into full-fledged riots, with hair pulling, property damage, and policemen nursing wounds made by feminine teeth. Still the vote was not won.

Curiously I watched the struggle being

waged all over the country by women to gain the ballot, and when some particularly ridiculous or undignified incident furnished headlines in the papers I felt glad that nothing like that had ever marred the beginnings of the movement out on the western plains.

I often talked to my father about the part he played in the suffrage movement, and was interested to hear him say that although he believed in it very sincerely on general principles, he and those other men thought when they first championed it, if it was not a success, there were so few women in the state it really could not make much difference anyway. He lived to see woman suffrage adopted by the whole United States, and a neighbor of ours, Nellie Tayloe

Ross, sitting in the Governor's chair.

I asked him once if he considered that woman suffrage had benefited Wyoming, and he answered emphatically, yes. He said that even in the early days when the state was undeniably wild and primitive, with gunplay and bloodshed every day occurrences, the polls rarely witnessed any disorder of any kind, because the women were present casting their vote. Election day in the south or east often meant riots

and death, but in our country, where that might have been expected, order prevailed.

Beside this minor benefit, he said that the records of the women who had held public office merited masculine respect and admiration. The women were not only conscientious and efficient but their offices were free from corruption.

Since 1920, when women were finally granted nation-wide suffrage, they have accomplished some important things through their ballot. Certainly the future will show many more achievements. The woman's vote may even be the deciding factor in the place the country will take in world affairs. Already a woman is sitting in the President's cabinet, and many other public offices are being

creditably filled, which in 1870 simply were not thought of in connection with women.

Yes, that morning Eliza Swain put on her fresh apron to go cast that first vote out there on the Laramie plains she certainly started something that has made a difference in the life of the whole country, and as women become increasingly ballot conscious who can say what will be the possibilities of that influence in the years to come?



MRS. ESTHER HOBART MORRIS, THE MOTHER OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND THE FIRST WOMAN JUSTICE OF THE PEACE IN THE WORLD, WHO LIVED IN CHEYENNE



J. E. Haynes, St. Paul

OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER

Yellowstone National Park

EUGENIA BROOKS TALIAFERRO

THIS oldest and largest of our Western National Parks holds a unique place in the affections of the American people. It is in every sense a wonderland, filled with more natural wonders than any other region on earth.

The first reports of its marvels and

beauties came from John Colter who discovered and explored Yellowstone in 1807. His discovery was facetiously named "Colter's Hell." During the next sixty years only a few frontiersmen visited the region and their reports were met with public skepticism. In 1870 the first actual

exploring party arrived. As a result of their admiration and respect for the primeval glories they found, the land was set aside in 1872 as Yellowstone National Park.

Here Nature outdoes herself. The famous geyser basins are unequaled anywhere in the world. Mineral-laden waters from more than 400 hot springs tint the rocky hillsides with rainbow hues. Violently boiling paint-pots of colored clay, delicately tinted cones, gem-like pools, subterranean thunders, caverns that hiss and steam, a petrified forest, a mountain lake like an inland sea—these are but the sideshows.

Yellowstone's greatest glory is its Grand Canyon. Rudyard Kipling wrote of it in 1889—"All I can say is that without warning or preparation I looked into a gulf more than a thousand feet deep, with eagles and fish hawks circling far below. And the sides of the gulf were one wild welter of color—crimson, emerald, cobalt, ochre, amber, honey splashed with port-wine, snow-white, vermilion, lemon and silver gray in wide washes . . . So far below that no sound reached us, the Yellowstone River ran, a finger-wide strip of jade green."

From great Yellowstone Lake the river winds its way through the Grand Canyon and leaps over a precipice with a sheer descent of 308 feet. Against the coloring of the canyon walls this living, sparkling column of rushing water amid clouds of whirling spray is breath-taking in its beauty.

Without these phenomena Yellowstone would still be fascinating for its great natural zoo. Nowhere else can be seen wild animal life in such profusion and variety.

The southern entrance to Yellowstone is approached through Grand Teton National Park and historic Jackson Hole of pioneer notoriety. This region of fertile green valley and alpine lakes lies at the foot of the Tetons, whose clustered, tapering spires tower aloft to a height of thousands of feet, and are hung with never-melting snowfields.

Here in the winter may be seen the great Jackson Hole elk herds feeding on grounds established for the purpose. In the spring these thousands of elk move north again into the sanctuary of Yellowstone Park.

Sanctuary too, for Americans—this vast unspoiled region owned by us all.



BEARS IN YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK



MRS. HUBERT WEBSTER, STATE REGENT OF WYOMING

A History of The National Society in Wyoming

NELLIE L. WALES

State Historian

THE first Wyoming chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was organized at Laramie, December 16, 1899, mainly through the efforts of Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard, who, for more than a year, had been endeavoring to arouse interest among the women of the state. At that time, Mrs. Helen Warren, wife of Hon. Francis E. Warren, was serving as State Regent of Wyoming, having

been appointed by the National Board of Management. As soon as the organization was complete, the new chapter elected Mrs. Warren, State Regent, and the following February Wyoming was represented at the National Convention by the state officer and by Dr. Hebard, regent of the new chapter.

One of the charter members of this first chapter was Mrs. Ida Harris Mondell, wife

of Hon. Frank Mondell, who, for many years, represented our state in the national Congress. Mrs. Mondell still loves Wyoming although she lives in Washington, D. C., and she graciously acts as hostess or guide to those from her former state who visit the Capital.

September 12, 1900, the Cheyenne Chapter was organized with nineteen charter members. Two of these have been well known outside of Wyoming. One, Miss Frances Helen Warren, became the wife of General Pershing. The Memorial Hospital in Cheyenne bears her name, and her body, with those of her three little girls, lies in the cemetery there. Mrs. Dollie Burnhans VanDevanter, wife of Associate Justice VanDevanter was another charter member and was the first delegate to National Congress from the Cheyenne chapter.

There are now ten chapters with about four hundred members in this sparsely settled state, but, although we are widely separated, there is hearty cooperation with the State Historical Commission and other organizations in locating and marking historic spots. Each year there are many manuscripts, interesting and valuable, added to the State Historian's collection.

Sheridan, Fort McKinney and Inyan Kara Chapters are located on the east side of the Big Horn Mountains, in the heart of the country formerly prized so highly by the Indians, and these Daughters have done much research work which has resulted in locating sites of Indian battles and securing history regarding the building and occupation of the government forts. Cheyenne and Jacques Laramie chapters have furnished copies of old records and biographies of pioneers, also concise histories of some of our public buildings. Stories of incidents and places of interest along the Oregon Trail have been added by Fort Casper and Pilot Butte chapters, while writers among the members of

Luke Vorhees and Elizabeth Ramsey chapters have placed on record papers concerning the Cheyenne-Deadwood Trail. Some of those belonging to the latter chapter, under the leadership of Mrs. Minnie Rietz, have studied the history of the state by counties and their manuscripts are also on file. Washakie Chapter, located at Thermopolis, near the center of the state, is one of the recent organizations. The members there have aided the State Historian by adding bits of interesting local history of those who came many years ago to the world's largest mineral spring—the mecca of health-seekers—and who became pioneers and builders of our state.

Our present State Regent, Mrs. Hubert Webster, of Rock Springs, came to the northeastern part of the state twenty years ago. At Newcastle she became allied with the Woman's Club, the Library Club, and other organizations, and while there organized the Inyan Kara Chapter, N. S. D. A. R. She later lived in Thermopolis, where she was very active in club work, and in 1925 organized Washakie Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.; about five years later, having moved to Rock Springs, she became the mother of Pilot Butte Chapter. The members of these chapters, which she added to the state's circle, especially love and admire Mrs. Webster and are proud of her work as an executive. This is the second year she has served the state as official leader. She has proven that her goal is service and that she well understands our people and their problems. This is her message to Daughter readers in other states, which shows her pride in and her love for Wyoming:

"I wish everyone could know my Wyoming women as I do and appreciate our great state, not only for its beauty and industries, but for the ever-present pioneer spirit and open-range ethics, its vision in far reaching development in education and substantial stand in patriotism."



LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING

◆ THE UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING ◆

MARY KINGSLEY CORBETT

WYOMING UNIVERSITY was established fifty-one years ago, during Territorial days. The site was donated by the Union Pacific Railroad Company and the City Council of Laramie, where this state institution is located.

Over forty thousand acres of the state's virgin soil are designated for the use of the University. This land has been a remarkable source of income since that time. In addition to the rentals of these lands, there is a liberal percentage of the Oil Royalty money received by the state, given to the University.

The first graduating class numbered six and at that time there were but seven members in the faculty, but each year has shown growth, expansion, and arduous pressing forward—until this fifty-first year finds the University fulfilling the wants of the citizens of Wyoming, an institution of high standards and lofty purposes, comparable with the best in the country, a tribute both to the people of the state and to those administering it.

The University consists of five colleges and several schools. The Summer session with its reputation of "the coolest summer school in America," on the most beautiful campus in the Rocky Mountain region, draws many out-of-state students who come to Wyoming to combine study with exceptional vacation opportunities. The Summer Science Camp in the Medicine Bow Mountains is filled each year to capacity, for the demand for field instruction in geology, botany, zoology, and general science is increasing.

Construction of a Student Union Building at a cost of two hundred and forty thousand dollars will be the outstanding project during this year. The enrollment has been record-breaking, which reflects a growing appreciation of the advantages of our University of Wyoming.

Aviators' Hymn

EDITH HARLAN

*Father Who gave to us the wind and tide,
The sea that rises to Thee as a prayer,
Hear we beseech—Thy vision never hide
From us—Thy sons of both the sea and air.*

*Give to our wings the skill of birds in flight—
The gray sea gulls that soar above the sea.
Give joy of beauty of the starlit night
And windswept lands below us—broad and free.*

*Lord give our hearts a courage like a flame
That never falters. Give our hands the skill
To guide our planes in safety that our aim
To serve Thee be accomplished to—Thy will.*

*In time of peace, oh Father, may we serve.
In time of war be Thou our Pilot. Lead
Us, our God, that we may never swerve
Nor fail our land in time of stress or need.*

*Our planes must soar above the land and sea.
Keep Thou our souls and no care
Or fear can touch us. We are safe with Thee.
Guard, we beseech, Thy servants of the air.*



From the original picture by Chappel, in the possession of the publishers

"STORMING OF STONY POINT"

"March on; carry me into the Fort, and let me die at the head of the column."—WAYNE

The Storming of Stony Point

EDMUND P. BESSELL

ON ANY Sunday when the weather is fair, traffic is heavy on route 9-W; and that ribbon of concrete along the west bank of the Hudson River is alive with cars full of people intent, it would seem, on getting to their various destinations in a hurry. So swiftly do the cars glide through Stony Point that not many of the occupants so much as notice the historical marker in the field beyond the crossroads and few, in-

deed, are the drivers who stop and read the legend inscribed thereon. And yet, at Stony Point, in that far off year of 1779, on a hot July night, Mad Anthony Wayne and his "Light Corps" of Infantry administered to a somewhat discouraged American Republic a much needed fillip and gave to the British Command in America a warning that the Yankee Army was not yet ready to fold up and quit.

For on that July night, the Light Corps, under cover of darkness and at the point of the bayonet, stormed up the steep sides of Stony Point and wrested from the soldiers of King George that outpost of his far-flung battle line. The action, although not involving a great number of troops and not of major importance, has been termed one of the most brilliant feats of a war not particularly distinguished by brilliance on either side. Its chief value was its psychological effect on the American people, for, as news of Wayne's exploit spread throughout the thirteen states, a wave of enthusiasm swept over the country and, sang the Yankee poets, "all hearts burn to emulate our Wayne."

The Americans had occupied Stony Point along about November, 1776, and two years later had built a block house on it. This Post and Fort Lafayette on Verplancks Point on the east bank of the river opposite Stony Point, were of immeasurable value to Washington, because his chief route out of New England and to the south and west came out of Peekskill and terminated at Verplancks, at which point King's Ferry made the connection with Stony Point on the west bank.

It was, therefore, very irksome indeed to General Washington in Headquarters near West Point, to learn that on June 1st, 1779, General Clinton, having finally bestirred himself, had moved up the Hudson with General Vaughn and under convoy of the fleet of Sir George Collier, had taken both points. He had landed his red coated Infantry at Haverstraw and marched them up to Stony Point, where the American garrison of about thirty men, fled at their approach. They were no match for the 600 men General Clinton flung at them. The small American force at Fort Lafayette had also quite prudently retired to the hinterland at the first sign of an approaching overwhelming force of Britishers. So, to Washington's increasing worries was added a strong enemy force at Stony Point, cutting off his use of King's Ferry and, moreover, dangerously close to West Point, where the Americans were building fortifications.

As soon as the English captured Stony Point they proceeded to fortify it and strengthen the redoubts as if they intended to remain there for a long time. Cannon

were mounted at strategic points, a double line of abatis was built around the post and they soon had on Stony Point an extremely formidable fortification.

While the British labored away with their ramparts, there went forth by day and by night, from Washington's Headquarters, Major Lee—Light Horse Harry Lee—in charge of the Scouts. Lee and his men spied on Stony Point all during the month of June. They crept close to the fort by night and noted the change of sentries and the post of each one. By day, from the heights of the Donderburg, they looked down on the Fort below and sent back to General Washington a steady stream of information regarding the occupants of the Fort and all their doings. From this information a plan matured in Washington's mind and we find him writing to Brigadier General Anthony Wayne, then at Waynesboro, asking him to quickly rejoin the Army. This Wayne did and Washington wrote to him, in the early part of July, as follows:

"While the enemy are making excursions to distress the country, it has a very disagreeable aspect to remain in a state of inactivity. The reputation of the Army and the good of the service seem to exact some attempt from it. The importance of Stony Point makes it infinitely desirable that this Post could be the object."

In reply, Wayne very fervently declared: "Sir, I'll storm Hell if you will only plan it." To which George Washington stated, "Perhaps, my dear general, we had better try Stony Point first!"

Now Washington had been forming, from the forty-six small battalions under his direct command, a Light Corps of Infantry. The troops picked for this outfit were the elite of the Army and were men who had seen much active service in the Continental ranks. Some of Wayne's own troops of the Pennsylvania line were in the Corps, as were troops from Massachusetts, Connecticut, Virginia, Maryland and North Carolina; a sort of "Rainbow Division" of the thirteen original States. Washington put Wayne at the head of this force and on July 1, 1779, Brigadier General Wayne rode down to Sandy Beach about fourteen miles above Stony Point, where two Regiments of the Light Corps were encamped, to take over his Command.

The Corps was organized into four Regiments of about 340 men and officers to the Regiment, in all, about 1,350 men. In command of the First Regiment was Colonel Christian Ferbiger, of the Second, Dickey Butler, of the Third, Lt. Col. Return J. Meigs and of the Fourth, Col. Rufus Putnam. Light Horse Harry Lee was in charge of the Scouts. This was the force with which Washington hoped to wrest from the British, the Battlements at Stony Point.

During the first two weeks of July Wayne drilled his troops incessantly, Lee's scouts roamed the countryside close to Stony Point and Washington's plan for the attack matured. The General's idea was to storm the post by night and although Wayne had little taste for night attacks, remembering perhaps, his own unpleasant experience at Paoli where the British had come upon him suddenly at night with the cold steel, he agreed nevertheless, to Washington's plan for a surprise attack by night.

On July 14th, Wayne recalled the Third and Fourth Regiments from the eastern shore of the Hudson and the entire corps assembled together at the Sandy Beach encampment, the men expectant, realizing something was going on but not knowing of course, just what it was they were going to undertake.

The next day, July 15th, General Wayne, having received word from Washington to proceed with the operation, the Corps was formed in marching order and at 12 noon moved out over rough roads which made it necessary to proceed in single file and after an arduous march arrived by 8 P. M. at Abe Springsteel's house one and a half miles distant from Stony Point. Here they paused while a final reconnaissance was made and last minute instructions issued.

In the attack, the columns storming the fort were instructed to rely entirely on the bayonet and orders were issued by Wayne to that effect. General Wayne stated in his orders to the troops that "if any soldier presume to take his musket from his shoulder, attempt to fire or begin battle till ordered by his proper officer, he shall be instantly put to death by the officer next him." From which we may assume that Wayne meant to have no slip up in carrying out Washington's plan for the attack and was prepared

to take harsh measures to insure the ultimate success of the adventure.

The reconnaissance from Springsteel's place was made personally by Wayne and after returning from this quick scouting trip he gave the order, at half past eleven, for the advance to begin. As the troops came up they were formed in solid columns of half platoons. There were to be two columns to do the actual storming of the post. On the right, Colonel Ferbiger's Regiment in front, followed by Colonel Webb's, under command of Lt. Col. Return J. Meigs, and a detachment from West Point under Major Hull. On the left, Colonel Butler's Regiment and two companies of Infantry from North Carolina commanded by Major Murfree. Major Lee's Light Horse Regiment formed the reserve and General Muhlenburg's Brigade of 300 men covered the entire party.

Preceding each of the attacking columns were two so-called "forlorn hopes" of 20 men each, that on the right led by Lieut. Gibbons of the Sixth Pennsylvania Regiment and on the left by Lieut. Knox of the Ninth Regiment from the same state. It was the function of these two groups to act as pioneers and destroy the line of abatis so that the troops following might go through the line and as this would have to be done under heavy musket fire, it is easy to see why these details were called "forlorn hopes."

Following the forlorn hopes were two groups of picked soldiers, about 150 in each group, commanded by Lt. Col. Fleury on the right and Major Stewart on the left. Behind these two parties came the main body of the attacking force.

Each man was directed to place a piece of white paper in his hat to distinguish him, in the darkness, from the enemy; the password "The fort's our own" was to be shouted from the works after they were taken. A final word, a tightening of belts, fixing of bayonets and silently the head of the column moved out in the darkness toward the fort.

The element of surprise was an important one, but the tide was high and the morass difficult to negotiate noiselessly and the right column was discovered by an outpost, which fired and gave the alarm.

Immediately, Major Murfree's column

advanced in the center and commenced firing as if it were the only column making the attack. This was the only detachment not using only the bayonet and their function was to draw the enemy's attention and fire. They succeeded eminently in this and the British Infantry and gunners threw a heavy fire of musketry and grape shot in their midst.

In the meantime, the right and left attacking columns, with General Wayne himself at the head of Ferbiger's Regiment, swept up the side of Stony Point in the darkness and neither the deep morass, the formidable double row of abatis nor the strong fortifications could stop that wild, overwhelming charge of theirs and in spite of unceasing fire from musket and from cannon loaded with grape shot, forced their way through every obstacle, both columns meeting in the center of the works nearly at the same instant.

Wayne fell, stunned, while passing the line of abatis. He was not dangerously hurt, however, and as the exultant cry of the Yankee soldiers, "The fort's our own," echoed and re-echoed through the night and over the noise of battle, as leather lunged troopers took up the cry, Wayne was carried to the crest and there received the surrender of Lt. Col. Henry Johnston, of the 71st British Regiment.

Thus quickly and efficiently, the Light Corps stormed and took Stony Point. The success of the adventure was due to Washington's mature careful planning of the attack, in which no detail had been overlooked as well as the remarkable skill and unfaltering courage of Wayne and his entire force.

The post was not taken without cost, however, for several of Wayne's men went down. The British lost many and about five hundred men were taken prisoners. In accordance with a prearranged plan, stores valued at \$158,640 were divided among the American troops in proportion to the pay of each soldier.

At 2 A. M. on that morning of July 16th, 1779, in the quarters that a few hours before had been comfortably British,

Mad Anthony Wayne, badly wounded but still able to sit up and write, and with that courageous heart of his aflame with victory, penned his first dispatch to General Washington.

"Dear General," he wrote, "the fort and garrison with Colonel Johnston are ours. Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free."

Somehow, those simple words of his haunt me—run incessantly through my mind—are they, perhaps, something for us to think of today! "Like men—who are determined to be free."



From a Painting by John Trumbull

ANTHONY WAYNE



The Beauty of Belvoir

GERTRUDE TUCKER AND PAULINE HOPKINS

(Continued from June issue)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

GEORGE WASHINGTON, prepared to assume his new duties as Military Inspector of the Virginia frontier, is unable to do so immediately after his appointment, for his brother Lawrence, long ill with tuberculosis, takes a turn for the worse and George accompanies him to the Barbadoes. Sally Fairfax is troubled, for the love between them is strong, although expressions of it are held in check by her marriage to his neighbor.

Lawrence Washington dies and George inherits Mount Vernon. He goes westward to assume his command and Sally lives in dread of what may happen to him but although he is forced to surrender Fort Necessity to the French, he does so with diplomacy and honor. He becomes the hero of the Colony. The trouble with the French becomes more acute and the British King sends General Braddock with the regular troops to assist the colonials. Washington tries to get a commission in the regular army through Lord Dinwiddie, Governor of Virginia, who has no power to grant it.

On the arrival of Braddock a welcoming ball is held at Carlyle House in Alexandria and George Washington is given the commission from the King as an award for service in the earlier campaign.

Braddock is defeated; Washington, by a rally, saves the Virginians and is invalidated home. Mr. Fairfax has gone to England on business, and Sally, having learned from Lord Fairfax that Washington's suit for her hand was refused by her father, becomes too attentive to the sick Washington. Gossip begins to take form. He goes to Belvoir to warn her and their love overcomes them both. His good judgment saves the situation, however; he will not accede to her suggestion that they flee to the West Indies. He finally leaves Belvoir, riding against the rain, disheartened and sorrowful.

XV

MOIST air, laden with tobacco smoke, greeted Richard Henry Lee, Hugh Mercer and George Washington as they opened the heavy door at Gadsby's Tavern. A roaring fire filled the great stone chimneyplace. The space between the dark overhead beams and the sanded floor was filled with many tables, nearly all of them taken, for the prolonged rains that had

kept the planters within doors for several weeks had filled them with a restlessness as well as a longing for stouter companionship than the ladies of their various households offered.

The large wagon-wheels suspended from the rafters and supporting many candles, flooded the room with a mellow light that tinted the glasses and punch-bowls with an iridescent glow and sparkled on the pewter mugs. Across one end of the room extended the bar and from behind this the jolly dispensers of good vintage were busy.

"You were right," Washington said with a grin at Lee. "This is what I need. Companionship and good cheer."

The three men sat down at the only vacant small table.

"Even Craik says you're able to go about again, but you bury yourself at Mount Vernon like an old woman," Lee replied.

"Give me your orders and I'll get them filled," Mercer suggested; "we'll have to wait too long for service."

While Hugh was getting the grog, George looked about him. He saluted Lord Fairfax, who was playing whist in one corner with Major Carlyle, Colonel Fitzhugh and Colonel Tayloe. Several of the younger men came to speak to Washington and his face gradually lost its despondent expression.

Mercer, returning with the pewter mugs filled with hot grog, said: "Patrick Henry's at the bar, George. Let's ask him over. I like to hear what he has to say."

Lee was instantly on his feet, calling across the room, and Henry, picking up his mug of grog, came to join them. He was a tall, slender young man of twenty-two years. His eyes were deep-set, his hair a wild mob. "Typical Scotch-Irish," Washington thought, "they make good fighters. He's too thin for service. . . ." Henry still possessed some of his boyhood shyness. His tongue spoke more readily than in the old days but his manner was still diffident.

"Glad to see you're back in harness, Colonel Washington," he said. "I hear that the militia is being sent out this time under General Forbes to really capture Fort Duquesne."

"I'll get my marching orders any day; the Virginians are to be in the vanguard. Are you joining up?"

Henry shook his head. "I'd like to," he said. "I suppose you-all know it's a case of an invalid wife, three children and my inability to make a living for them."

"I've heard that you'd had difficulties," Mr. Lee replied.

"That's putting it mildly. I'm a failure as a storekeeper in spite of advice from my father; and I'm also a failure as a farmer, having lost my wife's dowry trying that. . . ." He looked disconsolate.

"The tide always turns," Colonel Washington said. "You're a good talker, Henry, and what you say is always based on sound thinking, although I may not agree with you on every question. That's beside the point, however. Why don't you turn your talking to advantage?"

Patrick Henry smiled: "Talk doesn't feed my wife and children, Sir."

"It might," Richard Henry Lee began, "if you talked in Court. Why not study the law?"

"I've thought of that, but I just can't work it out."

"Do it this way . . ." Mr. Lee leaned across the table. "Your father has his store and he owns the Tavern at Hanover Court House. He's always been ready to help you; get him to do it once more by taking care of your wife and children while you read law with George Wythe. With the mind you've got, it won't take you long to pass your bar examinations and you can handle these land cases that are everlastingly coming up."

"I'll wager you'll pass the examination in no time, Henry," Washington said. "If you find it takes longer than I estimate, I'll pay you the wager."

"By Gad, Sir, I'll take that up!" Henry's eyes were flaming now, his head was high. "I'll finish the business for my father at Major Carlyle's in the morning and ride straight for Hanover to fix it up with the old man. The next time you see me I'll be in Williamsburg!" He lifted his mug of grog. "I'll drink this toast to the men who started me." He emptied the mug and walked away, slamming the door behind him.

Washington laughed, stretching his long legs under the table.

"That was a good suggestion, Lee," he said. "We've started a firebrand to burning."



He was glad now that he had come to Gadsby's, although he had remonstrated against it when he found his friends at Mount Vernon on his return from Belvoir. The company here was better than his own, spent morosely at home, regretting the events of the afternoon. He must do something to end this situation with Sally.

The men in the tavern-room were becoming aware of his presence and ever since the campaign at Fort Necessity he had been popular with the young bloods of the Tidewater. George Mason and Benjamin Harrison of Brandon had come in. Several youngsters that Washington did not know were drinking heavily at the table next to him.

Lord Fairfax began treating the whole crowd. They stood for the toasts.

"The King!" Lord Fairfax offered.

"The King!" roared the men in unison and emptied the glasses, turning them bottom-side up.

"Bartender, service for all!" Washington shouted. "Gentlemen, my guests!" The grog pitcher went around. "I give you the Commonwealth of Virginia!"

Next it was Lee's turn. All hands were raised; a thin vapor rising from the hot drinks.

"I give you Washington!" cried Lee.

"Washington!"

The bright color flooded across George's face as always happened when he came up

for any demonstration; and the remedy for the inactivity with which his friends had reproached him came shortly afterwards in the form of an order for the militia to serve, with Colonel Bouquet, under General John Forbes, for the recapture of Fort Duquesne. Colonel Washington was to march his Virginians to the camp at Fort Cumberland where the combined colonial forces would mobilize to drive the French out of the Ohio Territory.

Sally, waiting at home with Mr. William Fairfax, who was rapidly failing, was cast once more into the throes of anxiety. But this time she held her peace about it. Lord Fairfax had managed, with his usual diplomacy, to convey to her the substance of his conversation with George. She knew that this unhappy relationship must cease and she determined to do her part toward that end.

She was writing often now to George William—pleasant, friendly letters, for, since she must spend her life with him, there was no logic in spending it disagreeably. He was writing her of the political friendships he was forming; not the least of these with Mr. Pitt, the great Commoner who so thoroughly understood the problems of the Colonies.

In July, George William Fairfax returned to Belvoir, bringing her beautiful gifts. But he came to meet a sorrow, for his father died that year.

George Washington rode home from Fort Cumberland in August. Stopping at Belvoir early one morning, he found Sally and George William on the terrace, teasing Betty Cary and Bryan Fairfax, with a gay spirit. As George stepped through the window, the young people walked away, hand-in-hand and Sally looked after them with a tender smile.

"We'll be lonesome when the children set up a home of their own, George William," she said.

"You'll always have young people around you. You've got all ten fingers in every matrimonial pie." He tweaked a little curl behind her ear and laughed at George. "Did you come over for a conference on matrimony? What are you doing here, anyhow, deserting from the army?"

Washington smiled down at them. Sally was glad he had heard that speech of her

husband's; it strengthened confidence all around.

"Not just that," the Colonel responded. "I've got despatches to deliver to Governor Fauquier and the Council and I thought maybe you'd ride down with me, George William, to Williamsburg."

"I'd like the company," said Mr. Fairfax, "but there's too much for me to do here to go galivantin' around the country. By-the-way, you wrote me about a new roof for Mount Vernon. I'll get it started right away."

"You'll need a carpenter," Washington said, "and I haven't got one; that's another thing I want to go down for, if the Council doesn't hold me up too long. There's a Negro carpenter for sale down below there and I'll bring him back with me if the price is right."

"Stuff and nonsense! We'll make the roofing in the Belvoir shops."

"Much obliged to you, but I'll need the man later anyway; there's a lot to be done besides the roof."

"D'y like the job of gentleman farmer better than the one of military colonel, George?"

"I like to work out my ideas in both places. The camp is pretty quiet just now; nothing to do but drill. General Forbes is waiting for his full quota of troops before he moves. I'd like to do some experimenting at Mount Vernon when this campaign is over; germination of wheat and a rotation of crops. . . ."

Sally listened intently as she sat on the low parapet.

"Stick to your tobacco," advised Mr. Fairfax.

"Planting it as we do exhausts the soil. I can have it and the wheat too. Well, I must be getting along. Any messages for the crowd, Sally?"

"My love to everybody you meet. . . ."

"Here, here!" protested George William.

"Don't be so generous with my property. If you meet any youths desiring advice to the lovelorn, bring them back with you, George, that's what Sally wants."

Washington rode away, glad that Sally showed signs of happiness at last but depressed that he could have no share in it . . . and yet, it was fair and right that this

should be. Bishop, mounted on General Braddock's brown horse, accompanied him, and as he stopped to visit with old friends along the way life seemed pretty good, his interest soared and he finally rode through his fit of depression. While waiting to cross the Pamunkey River at Pipe-in-tree Ferry, he met Mr. Thomas Chamberlayne, whose wife was the sister of William Byrd.

"Come over and have dinner with us, Colonel," Mr. Chamberlayne said.

"I should go on right away. I'm behind schedule now."

"We'll let you go right after the meal if you're that insistent." With this promise, the Colonel accepted.

As the men came down from the upper rooms after refreshing their appearances, Mrs. Chamberlayne came into the lower hall accompanied by another lady, a small and pretty woman whose charm of manner had entranced many a man.

"My friend Mrs. Custis is staying with me, Colonel Washington," his hostess said. "I have long wanted you to know one another."

Mrs. Custis dropped a deep curtsy. Colonel Washington bowed.

"I think I met Colonel Washington years ago when I was Patsy Dandridge and went to Assembly Balls." She had a fine speaking voice.

He recalled her now. He had heard that she was widowed.

As dinner progressed he was increasingly aware of her charm, and after the meal was over Bishop waited in vain at the entrance with the horses. The Colonel continued to linger in the drawing-room. Mrs. Custis was telling him about her son and daughter, and of the harassing difficulties she was encountering in the management of her large estate—for her husband had been a man of wealth and had left all his vast property in her care. Through the long afternoon Bishop waited with the horses. He was still waiting when the party left the supper table.

Mr. Chamberlayne, smiling slightly, went to the door and called the servant:

"Take the horses to the stables, Bishop," he said. "No guest of mine leaves this house after nightfall."

Throughout the evening, Mrs. Custis played melodies for the Colonel, sang a little in her bright, cultured way, talked in her deep, quiet voice. At ten o'clock they went to walk upon the lawn so that she might sleep better for the exercise.

At midnight, Colonel Washington was surprised that the hour had come too soon!

Proceeding along the road to Williamsburg next day, he considered the situation. Mrs. Custis had been candid as well as charming. She had told him that she needed an executive head for the property which Daniel Parke Custis had left entailed to his children, and the management of his large holdings required keen insight and a cool judgment of financial affairs. Colonel Washington himself needed a wife to head his home. Here was a woman of culture, tact, possessing all the social amenities.

He felt that he could not offer her love and yet—were there not as many facets to love as there were allegiances between men and women? Perhaps, like the hand upon the harp-strings, love could touch different chords and respond to the one played upon. Perhaps—he could touch the chords that harmonized her life.

Within a week he had completed his military business with the Council and purchased the slave. He sent Bishop on ahead with the man to Mount Vernon and he stopped off at White House to call upon Mrs. Custis. She was on the wide veranda watching her children play upon the lawn. She called them to her.

"Colonel Washington wants to know you," she said. "This is my son, Jack Custis, Colonel, and my daughter Martha."

The boy came forward to shake hands. The girl instantly attracted Washington. She was delicate of frame and feature. Her dark hair accented the pallor of her face, as though the masses of it were too heavy for her slender throat to bear. Always drawn toward weakness, George felt himself bound to this child. In a moment they ran away again to join the Mammy who cared for them. He addressed Mrs. Custis rather abruptly:

"May I ask you, Madam, if the impression I received from you at Mr. Chamberlayne's is a correct one?"

"What is the impression?" Mrs. Custis asked.

"That you would not be averse to a suit on my part?"

"It is correct."

He gave her his rare smile; he was much taller than she and he looked down upon her with tenderness.

"You will marry me?" he asked.

"Yes," said Martha Custis. She made a slight, involuntary motion toward him, and raised her eyes to meet his. "It is not necessary now, Colonel Washington, nor will it ever be, to bring up the past—let us begin life anew."

Stooping, he kissed her gently.

A little, faint wave of gossip fell across the countryside and after the Colonel returned to Fort Cumberland, the grapevine news grew stronger. Sally did not hear it.

It was a lovely fall day when the post-chaise stopped at the gates of Belvoir and Nancy Gist alighted. Sally welcomed her friend avidly, for Betty and Bryan had just announced their betrothal and she felt that another void of loneliness was upon her. But not until Sally went into the blue-room at bedtime to ascertain if Nancy was comfortable did the two women have an opportunity for confidences.

They stood at the window, looking across the cove to the lights of Mount Vernon.

"Do you see much of him, Sally?" Nancy asked.

"Not now. We decided last spring that it was better so. . . . George William is different, have you noticed?"

"Indeed I have!" Nancy's voice dropped to a low note. "I hope you'll let nothing upset that situation now."

As though she hated to utter the words, Nancy continued: "On the sixth of January, he will marry Patsy Dandridge. . . ."

A pain shot through Sally's heart; her being seemed corroded by that acid that cuts the very hope out of life. She rested her head against her friend's shoulder and her tears flowed freely.

"I ought to be glad," she said presently. "Really I am glad. Now he can have both a wife and a career. But, oh, Nancy, help me not to deplore the ruin of my own life!"

For a time she gave way to the full abandonment of her grief. Then she went back to the room where she knew she would find her husband. Strangely enough, she had a feeling of security. If George William suspected any disturbance, he gave no sign to betray it.

In December they had news that on the twenty-fifth of the previous month the French had been driven down the Allegheny River after burning the fort. The British moved in for rebuilding. They called the settlement Fort Pitt now, in honor of the Great Commoner, and letters came written from "Pitt's Burgh." Now the lands beyond the Wilderness were safe for development by the powerful Ohio Company. Sally wondered if George remembered the visit of Le Comte de Leger, and the prophecy of John Henry, of which he had told her. She began to think that perhaps Henry was right; that it had been a capitalistic war. At any rate, the French and Indian fighting in the Virginia Colony was over and George was safe!

He was back before Christmas, riding down to Williamsburg to resign his commission in the army and to file his credentials as a member of the House of Burgesses to which he had been elected by the people of Frederick County during his absence. On his return he came over to Belvoir to invite Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax to be guests at his wedding.

Sally was indefinite about accepting. When George had departed, George William said to her with kindness:

"It is better, my dear, for you to go with me. Life is made up of difficult situations that have to be faced, you know."

She knew that he was right.

It was a glittering day, full of winter sunshine, that sixth day of January in '59, and it brought together such a gathering of the Colony as Sally Fairfax had not seen for years. She and her husband went with George and Ann Mason, picking up Henry and Lucy Grymes Lee at Leesylvania. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Henry Lee were there with Mr. Francis Lightfoot Lee who had recently married Miss Rebecca Tayloe. Carter Braxton had only to drive over from Elsing Green, which he had purchased that year from William Dandridge, Martha's



uncle. He came with the older members of the Dandridge family and Mr. and Mrs. Burwell Bassett—that Nancy Dandridge who was Martha's best-loved sister, and riding beside their coach was Bartholomew Dandridge whom Sally had not seen for a long, long time.

As coachload after coachload discharged guests at the door of White House, Sally was kept busy greeting old friends; the Carters from Sabine Hall and the Carters from Cleve; Kate Spotswood and her husband, Bernard Moore of Chelsea. All the Fairfax connection and all the Washingtons were there. Madam Washington, looking just as Sally had always remembered her, came with Colonel and Mrs. Fielding Lewis of Kenmore. Will Fauntleroy, with Betsy and her husband, Mr. Bowler Cocke, brought Nancy Gist with them, for she was visiting at Naylor's Hole.

The assembled company waited for the arrival of the Royal Governor, Francis Fauquier, the gayest, care-free ruler that the Commonwealth had ever had. He came at last with Mr. Henry Robinson of Pleasant Hill, the Speaker of the House of Burgesses.

The drawing-room was massed with boughs of fir and holly. The Negro fiddlers played soft music and the Reverend David Mosson, rector of St. Peter's Church, took his place before the large window.

Martha Dandridge Custis, accompanied by her children, came down the staircase. She was dressed in a white-satin quilted petticoat over which was draped a skirt of heavy corded silk shot through with silver. Pearl ornaments were in her hair and her high-heeled satin slippers were fastened at the instep with buckles of diamonds.

Colonel Washington, attired in blue and silver trimmed with scarlet, waited for her at the foot of the stairs.

They exchanged their vows before God and this goodly company. Sally stood, not too close, with her hand resting on her husband's arm. She held her head high, keeping a smile on her lips, and drew an inward sigh of relief when it was over.

"I am so glad you came," said Mrs. Washington, holding Sally's hand tightly.

"It is a pleasure to see one's friends attain happiness," responded Mrs. Fairfax, returning the pressure slightly.

She was glad when Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Harrison spirited George William and herself away to join them and Mr. and Mrs. Peyton Randolph at supper.

It was all very gay. The dancing went on and on. . . .

Much later in the evening, Mrs. Washington rode away in her coach drawn by six perfectly matched horses, guided by liveried postilions and attended by several gentlemen. By her side, on his horse, rode Colonel Washington of Mount Vernon, but old Colonel Cary had not lived to see this achievement. They went to Williamsburg to reside for the season at the Six Chimney House.

It was not until she was in the coach with George William and John and Sarah Carlyle on their way to pay a visit to the Fauntleroy's that Sally Fairfax thought suddenly:

"I wonder if George knew that I wish him 'Godspeed,' even though I was not able to voice the wish."

And she rested content in the knowledge that he did!

XVI

At the close of the session of the House of Burgesses Washington brought his bride home to Mount Vernon and Sally, knowing that an act postponed assumes impossible

proportions, went immediately with George William to make the bridal call.

"It is so nice to have you and Mr. Fairfax for neighbors," Mrs. Washington said, standing beside her tall husband and looking quite girlish in spite of her plump figure. "When one couple wants a game of whist all we have to do is to put a signal light in the window of one of the houses. George tells me you run back and forth, so to speak, by boat!"

"It is two miles around by the road," Mr. Fairfax explained, "so we keep the boats traveling across the cove. Sally has learned to paddle an Indian canoe and will be your constant visitor."

Mrs. Washington smiled: "You cannot come too often, Mrs. Fairfax. . . ."

"I do not like to have you call me by that name. We have known one another for a long time, if not so intimately."

"Let us be Sally and Patsy then as we were in Williamsburg. I can never feel like a stranger here with such friendship as your's offered," responded Mrs. Washington.

Sally went home from that visit with the feeling that she was not the only woman on guard; she must learn to stifle the hurt that George's glances at his wife called forth; she felt that these glances were given in her presence with a purpose, not of course with the intent to distress her but rather to convey the message that the more readily she recognized his allegiance to another woman, the easier for them both would be the transition.

She wished that she could be as certain of George William's attitude, and his first words, after they were alone in the sleigh, reassured her:

"He's never been a happy man, Sally. I imagine that the late Mrs. Custis knows enough of human suffering to be able to quiet his discontent for the life he could not have!"

She turned her face toward him; the cold wind had whipped a vivid color into her cheeks framed now by the glistening fox fur that collared her cloak. He thought her eyes were clouded and he spoke again:

"There should be a warm friendship between Martha Washington and me. I've never liked a three-handed game. Let us

make it a foursome, my dear, and discover what advantages a sincere friendship can produce to cover the years that are to come."

She rested her hand lightly upon his knee and he gave her his crooked smile, which this time contained no bitterness. The horses sprang forward at his light touch upon the lines and the glow of the brilliant sunshine fell about them as George William turned the team into the river road. The color from the clouds fell like a bright shawl across the snow-clad hills, giving a shimmering opalescent glory to the ice-floes along the river bank and tinting the powdered snow that lay thick on the lower branches of the fir trees.

The seasons rolled around, bringing the langorous spring days when the purple blossoms of the Judas trees weighted down their slender branches, when the emerald green of young wheat carpeted the fields and the delicate jade of the young tobacco plants ran riot across the land. Presently the days turned into summer, laden with fragrance from the garden and from the wide, high barns where the tobacco was cured and packed; into busy hours when the wheat must be garnered, thrashed in the cradles and stored away; into days when, from the dark hands of the Negroes, the cheerful sound of hammering rent the air as the labor of building and repairing went forward. Mid-summer came and the white-winged tobacco boats filled the river while either in the gardens of Mount Vernon or Belvoir the friends gathered for tea.

Long, leisurely autumn days, replete with the odors of smoky mist and the peaceful Indian summer. Houses were set in order, larders stocked, the late harvests reaped. The color in the trees brightened; the holly berries were a bright red. Nights when the Hunter's Moon shone clear and the men went out after the raccoon, early crisp and biting mornings when they followed the long call of the fox-hounds. And in these parties went young Jackie Custis, Martha's son, learning to fire his little gun, and to take his place in the life of men. There were long evenings, too, spent at one home or the other when they played whist or sat

before the roaring fire while Sally played upon her harp.

There was much to talk about during those winters of the early and middle '60s for the Peace of Paris was signed, and for the first time in many years Great Britain, France, Spain and Portugal were in accord. With the signing of this treaty, Great Britain came into possession of Canada, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and all adjacent islands, beside the river and harbor of Mobile and all the land east of the Mississippi River, with the exception of the city of New Orleans which went, with the western part of the country, to Spain. With the concessions granted Great Britain in Europe through this same treaty, she became imperialistic in her possessions.

Washington conversed at length about his western lands which he could now claim to advantage and which had come to him as a perquisite for his part played in the French and Indian wars. Sally, always interested in a wider field of politics than that offered locally in Virginia, recalled incidents in the talk that had gone on about her father's dinner-table when Colonel Cary entertained the foreign captains. This information was the basis for her information but she was thinking strongly along her own lines and forming her own opinions. Both her husband and George Washington relied upon her, although George William was apt to temper the trend of thought with his cynicism.

Mrs. Fairfax regretted the appointment of Lord Grenville as Prime Minister of Great Britain, for his policy leaned toward an increase of taxation upon the Colonies and at the same time he refused to consider the right of these same Colonies to send a representative to the Parliament. The tax levied on sugar and then, a little later, the passage of an act requiring that a tax stamp be placed on all legal documents, roused others beside Sally Fairfax to protest. When rioting over this occurred in the fall of '65 both in New York and Boston, the colonial assembly that convened in October adopted a declaration that set forth the rights and liberties of the Colonies. But this acute situation cleared when Rockingham replaced Grenville as Prime Minister and immediately repealed the Stamp Act.

The night this news came, George William was elated but his wife had read further into the report than he had. She said:

"The paper says that a declamatory act is attached to the repeal. Look, George William, the Parliament has the power to bind the Colonies in all cases whatsoever. Cannot you see the trouble that is bound to make?"

The Prime Ministry changed again and the Duke of Grafton thought up new taxes for the Colonies to bear; glass, paper, painters' colors and tea now fell into the category. New York expressed her dissension by refusing to provide for the British troops quartered in that colony.

Nancy Gist reported that all the men of that little city, except those who couldn't decide whether they would remain Tories or join the new Whig party, were up in arms.

"They talk, talk, talk until, la, one goes crazy with words. It takes the money out of the pockets of Tory and Whig alike and there's nothing but tax discussion running like wildfire about the country."

She was visiting the Washingtons but she waited until the Fairfaxes came over before she made her most important announcement.

"I've something to tell you-all that's more important to me than all the taxes England can levy. Do you recall, George, that I told you years ago about a man who wanted me to share the Wilderness with him?" Washington nodded and the others listened, spellbound. "I've decided after all this time to take him. So, good friends," she raised her teacup, "at Christmastide I'll marry Lucien Harve and go exploring into the wilderness beyond the Mississippi!"

Sally went over and kissed her. Martha said:

"You will leave your home and security, Nancy? To follow adventure! I cannot understand it."

"Adventure . . . and love."

"Who is he?" Washington demanded.

"By his name, you know he is a Frenchman. He lived in the Maritime Provinces until England took them over; I say 'lived' but not for many years has he had a home. He wants to find the headwaters of the Mississippi. All of his forty-eight years

he's been in the woods, loving the wild-life, seeking what it has to offer. He's been a guide and a soldier, knows the language of the Mohawk tribes. I first met him at the Van Rensselaers' in Albany and he lured me with his wanderings, for I am a wanderer too."

"But not such a wanderer, Nancy," Washington said. "You have luxury when you travel. You cannot realize the hardships nor the dangers of a life like that."

"Do you love him deeply?" Sally asked.

"Aye, so deeply I can trek with him across the unknown wilds."

Sally's eyes were shining, her face alight. Martha spoke:

"I can love a man, too," she said slowly, "but I must have my own fireside to share with him. I suppose I am a weakling. . . ."

Sally looked at her with affection.

"You're far more substantial, Patsy dear, than women like Nancy and me. . . I want to see the world but I could endure isolation too for love. However far they roam, men need their own fireside to which to return, and home-loving wives to bring them peace. We're restless, aren't we, Nancy? Tell us more about your plans."

"Lucien has explored all the country that the Hudson River drains; he knows it so well that he could guide an army through to Canada, but it is getting too settled to suit him. He's spent years in the Ohio Territory and now he wants the Mississippi. We'll go to your Fort Pitt, George, and from there make the rest of the way by sloop, to trace the northern line of this new British possession and the land that France has ceded to Spain. I'll miss you-all but when I'm an old lady I'll open the George Town house again and all you other old ladies can do your knitting around my fireside in your declining years."

They laughed and the tension lessened.

When the neighborhood festivities of the Christmas season were over, the Washingtons and the Fairfaxes drove to George Town to see Nancy Gist united in marriage to Lucien Harve.

Throughout the next year there was considerable protesting and rioting against British demands in the northern colonies. Sally read the papers with avidity, argued with her husband, subjected her opinions

to Martha Washington who was quite puzzled about it all and relied upon George for her own opinions. Gradually Sally roused again in George that emotion toward public service which he had so cheerfully expended in his youth but which had become latent during the peaceful years spent at Mount Vernon. For a long time now, at intervals, he had been elected a member of the House of Burgesses and showed ability in handling colonial affairs in Virginia and he was an important social asset in Williamsburg, for the Washingtons continued to spend the winters there, living in the Six Chimney House. His outlook grew wider rapidly now and his opinions were gathering the strength of good judgment which Lord Fairfax had once recognized as his leading characteristic.

His social outlook broadened also under the influence of men interested in the welfare of the farmers of the northern and western counties, chiefly because these men were Richard Henry Lee and Patrick Henry. He learned to look upon Henry as less of a radical and more of a spokesman for the rights of the underprivileged, although he never lost his strong allegiance to the class of society into which he had been born. During these years he learned also to become articulate, to voice the opinions that he formed. And when he needed to have these opinions confirmed or to make some point clear to himself, he talked freely with Sally and she never failed him.

Martha's children were growing up. Little Patsy was a confirmed invalid and one summer the two families went to Berkeley Springs in an effort to restore her health. There came also Marcia and David Hayward for their outing, bringing with them their son Richard, a glowing, handsome boy of eighteen years. He found a good companion in Sally and together they roamed the woods and stood upon the mountain peaks to get the magnificent views. The boy demanded of her all her stories of the youth of George Washington, who had become his idol. Sally relived her own youth that summer, revelling in the boy and in the companionship of these friends.

The little tranquillity that remained in political Virginia was shattered in 1770



when Lord North assumed the office of Prime Minister of Great Britain; uprisings took place all up and down the coast against the tax on tea, and the colonies three years later had sufficient foresight to form a group of men, selected by each colony, to carry on correspondence concerning colonial affairs. George William Fairfax began to talk to his wife about the advisability of their taking up residence abroad but this she protested against, strongly.

It was not until the winter of 1775 that he exploded the bombshell, one morning before he took horse for Alexandria. All the old resentment flared up in Sally. Not for years had they battled as they did in the five minutes before George William said with acidity:

"This decision is final. Let us say no more about it."

He slammed the door, mounted, and rode his horse at a gallop through the gates and out upon the turnpike.

Sally, her head held high and anger burning in her cheeks, donned her heavy cloak and fur bonnet and walked the miles to Mount Vernon. The sharp, crisp air revived her but her heartache seemed too great to bear. The servant who admitted her said that Mrs. Washington had gone on a shopping tour to Alexandria but the Master was in his study. She walked in upon him, unannounced.

"Sally!" George cried, rising from his desk. "What has happened?"

Her voice rose sharply: "George William told me this morning that we are leaving Belvoir and going to live in England! Oh, George, just when everything is so tense in this country, for us to go there is disloyal!"

"What is the purpose of this visit?"

"That miserable title. I don't want that title! But he refuses to go alone."

"When does he want to go?"

"Not until after the Richmond convention in March; that's only another month away. If trouble comes between this country and England, we cannot get back again. His real aim is to get me away from all my people! He rides this morning to tell Bryan at Tarleton Hall. Oh, George, I will be away from all I love. I cannot bear it!"

"I will talk to him, Sally. . . ."

"That will make it worse. I think, down in his heart, he wants to put three thousand miles between us."

He stood at the window, looking out on the wide river. Then, turning, he said:

"Let us not talk about that, Sally. You must go home and reason him out of it

without anger. Consider his life too. Those miles are not insurmountable; after he is there events may change his mind and you can always return through a neutral country."

"It is more than that, George . . . he is taking me away from my home, from my people, into what is fast becoming an alien land. You know how I feel about conditions. Great Britain is utterly wrong." The color mounted to her face but her voice was low and serious. "England is the only country in Europe that has always held that thought is free, and now she will not extend that right to her English sons on this side of the water. All we ask for is this common right. We're all British; we have but the one aim. But England dares revoke our liberties as she would not dare revoke those of her island-born sons!"

He looked upon her and a light flooded across his face but a moment later, when she had left through the garden door, disturbed and wondering at his coldness, he continued to stand before the window, not seeing the blue river over which the spring was breaking, knowing that his life was to be divided once more.

(To be concluded)



My Alleghenies

MARIE TERRY BOUGHNER

*From my window I can see
The mountains that seem close to me
Their heads are drenched in mist and haze
Their feet the Youghiogheny laves
Their sides are dressed in living green
And verdant valleys lie between.
Once o'er their sides the Redman's bow
Brought death to many a panting doe.
The curling smoke of wigwam fires
Rose o'er their peaks and flinty spires.
They saw the "Redcoats" marching by
They saw their gallant leader die.*
The years have passed. Yet 'round his grave*

*They weep caressing tears of haze.
Physician, friend, they are to me,
And heal with their great sympathy.
They raise my soul above the clod
To sun, and clouds, to stars and—God.
And inspiration they will be
To generations after me
So when 'tis time for me to rest
O, take me, Mountain, to thy breast.*

* General Braddock, who died July 13, 1755 and who lies buried beside the National Pike, in the Allegheny Mountains of Pennsylvania.



STRATFORD HALL, BUILT BY THOMAS LEE ABOUT 1725

Your Capital City—and Mine!

HAZEL WHITAKER VANDENBERG

Stratford—The Home of the Lees

COME with me for a day in the heart of Virginia! A day to revel in the past and to enjoy the present. Even the weatherman conspired with Mrs. Harry B. Hawes, wife of the former Senator from Missouri, to give her one of those rare, never-to-be forgotten May days. When a hostess is so daring as to invite the Senate Ladies Luncheon Club to a picnic, she can count on a crowd. And when that party is in honor of our beloved Chairman, Mrs. Garner, you can be sure it will be a success. Have it at a place in which we are all interested—Stratford Hall—home of many famous Lees—Enough!

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Mrs. Hugo Black

and Mrs. Stanley Reed, Justices' wives, most of the Cabinet hostesses including Miss Perkins, and a large group of Senate wives "poured" into the picturesque cabin which Mrs. Hawes occupies during the annual two weeks' meeting of the Board of Directors of which she is a very active and loyal member. Mrs. Hawes' great-grandfather was the second signer of the 1766 Westmoreland resolutions which, as you know, were declared seven years before the Boston Tea Party and defied the execution of the Stamp Act. You will recall, too, that this directed that the property of the people be taken without their consent and deprived them of the right of trial by jury.

A similar patriotic devotion to the brilliant past of our country and a desire to

preserve those memories motivated this band of women who organized the Robert E. Lee Foundation a few years ago, and dedicated Stratford in 1935 as a National Shrine. They faced appallingly difficult problems but with Major General B. F. Cheatham (U. S. A., retired), and his capable wife as Resident Superintendents, the venture has prospered amazingly.

The Lees built well! So the brick house which Thomas Lee took ten years to complete was still intact after 200 years. That is, structurally intact, but terribly mutilated. No wonder it took ten years to build. The bricks were made from local clay. The plaster burned from Potomac oyster shells. The stones for the foundation quarried near-by. The lumber for the 2½ feet thick walls was cut from the adjacent forests. But the stone work, tools and iron utensils had to come all the long way from England. In type of architecture it is very like the Capitol at Williamsburg. Not exactly beautiful but, oh, how sturdy—stately and strong is this aristocratic British home that came up out of the wilderness in the heart of the 1,100 acre plantation. The grounds two years ago when I was last there presented a desolate waste, but as I stood this day and looked at the lovely old box hedges, the formal garden, the graveled walks that led down to Matilde's tomb, it seemed to me that almost a miracle had taken place.

The Robert E. Lee Foundation has brought Stratford back to life for all time. The Virginia Garden Club wrought the miracle in the garden. The Shrine is again a living place. In fact so practical has this restoration been that almost all of the old plantation activities have been revived. The Committees for house furnishings, grounds, farm, restoration, employment, etc., have worked long and faithfully.

Again there are hams in the smokehouse—Pigs and cows in the pasture—Chickens galore—Fields of cotton and tobacco—The old foundry is buzzing away—Flowers and vegetables in the long-neglected garden. In fact, Stratford has kept its corner of Westmoreland County so humming with activity that it has never felt the "depression". Work has been provided for hundreds in the building of the Directors' cabins and the extensive restoration activities. Even

the local banks have been kept prosperous.

But now the Big House is almost back to its gala days. Research and digging have unearthed long-hidden fireplaces or closed-in walls. The large main hall is hung with a magnificent chandelier. Much furniture has already been given to furnish the two large connecting rooms. Though the nursery where Robert E. Lee was born is on the upper floor, the rest of the sleeping and housekeeping rooms are rather surprisingly located on the ground floor.

Once more the dairy, the smokehouse, the kitchen, the office and the counting rooms, each in its separate brick structure, have come to life. In the old days there were also huge barns, slave quarters, stables and even a private landing where foreign ships docked to take on Lee tobacco.

But Old Man Maintenance threw his grim hand over the fortunes of the Lees just as he is doing to the Foundation today. So even though the builder founded strong, and his wife, Hannah Ludwell, was a wonderful mother to five sons including Richard Henry, yet the baronial proportions of this great plantation became too much of a burden to maintain. So General Harry Lee, Washington's favorite officer, had to give it up when Robert E. Lee was four. Thus it was that the birthplace of five patriots of the Revolution, Richard Henry, Francis Lightfoot (signers of the Declaration), William, Arthur and Ludwell fell into unhappy days.

But "Happy Days are Here Again" for Stratford! As those of us who sat down under the magnificent old beech trees to an outdoor dinner-picnic will testify. Served for the first time in 60 years from the ancient kitchen by colored girls wearing the bright bandanas, it tasted all the better because we knew practically everything had been raised on the place. Behold the feast!

Groaning platters of that incomparable southern fried chicken.

Virginia ham—Enough said!

Stratford-made strawberry jam, homemade peach and cucumber pickles.

Vegetable salad, stuffed eggs, piping hot rolls.

Coffee that had been made in two perfectly enormous copper kettles over the old kitchen fire-place.

Fruit-cake from a special Stratford recipe, as well as quantities of chocolate and coconut cake.



Madame Munthe de Morgenstierne

WIFE OF THE MINISTER OF NORWAY, WHO SPONSORED A "NORWEGIAN EVENING" AT THE LEGATION

Our party was held during the annual conclave so we thus had the added pleasure of meeting many of the women from 32 states represented on the Board. So with them as assisting hostesses, at each of the small tables, we learned a great deal more about the Restoration activities. And all

the while we could look down in one direction over those wide-rolling, box-covered terraces, and in the other, toward the old Potomac. Blossoming fruit trees all round gave promise of more jam and jelly to come.

At the plantation store samples of all of

the products of the farm are on sale, even articles made at the old foundry. Lunches are served to guests every day in the year at a nominal cost. An admission fee of fifty cents provides a small income. The whole idea is in time to make the plantation self-supporting.

As we drove home at the end of this happy, inspiring day, the work we have done in our Senate Club seemed almost infinitesimal. Still it is our bit and we are proud to say that this year the Red Cross workers have completed over 7,740 articles which were turned in by the efficient Chairman, Mrs. Elbert Thomas (Utah).

As Mrs. Hawes says, "If only we had a patriotic shrine to restore in every county of the Union, there would be no more depression". More power to her and the Lee Foundation! Don't miss a trip to Stratford when you are in this part of the country.

The Norwegian Legation Party

IT'S NORWAY—in summer—shimmering lakes—glorious woodlands—vividly beautiful colored views of lilacs in June—color films of the Norwegian fjord country. *FLASH!* It's winter. Snow-covered hills and vales—crowds of skiers in breath-taking jumps—the sun so dazzling—the snow so dry that it rises up in clouds as the skirunners cut through it.

FLASH! It's fall. Fishermen in oil skins and boots are "combing" the fjords hunting for the "silver harvest", the great schools of brislings—searching days for the elusive little fish (to us, the finest of sardines), upon which Norway so largely depends for its living. "From catch to can" we watched this amazing industry. When the "schools" are located, tremendous nets are spread lengthwise and gradually the school is "herded" into shore where it can more easily be lifted into the holds of the boats. To keep up the high standards of the country's industry, often an entire catch has to be returned to the sea because the fish are not quite up to requirements.

FLASH! The canning factory! Everyone in white uniforms and caps—Everything immaculate—Lightning speed as the fish are sorted for size—Into a rack where each little fish is hung on its separate hook—A salt bath—Heads nipped off by a single

stroke of an enormous blade—Packed into cans into which oil has been dropped—The sterilizing process—A steam pressure furnace that makes these tinned fish impregnable to differences of temperature or climate—Into crates—Into the holds of a big ship to be exported all over the world as an incomparable Norwegian delicacy.

All this and much more I saw at the "Norwegian Evening" sponsored by the Minister of Norway and Madame Morgenstierne. From first to last these charming hosts had designed the evening to give the guests a true picture of life in their far-away Scandinavian country. It was an innovation in the diplomatic corps and one which met with high approval, for it gave two hundred fortunate guests a genuine acquaintance with this flourishing country.

Madame Morgenstierne although Canadian born has come to love her husband's country as much as her own. She not only likes to dress up in the Norwegian costumes but she always plans delectable Norwegian dishes. And this party was no exception! "Marjorie" looked just like a little girl in her white woolen skirt with its embroidered flowers, her green brocaded basque and white silk blouse fashioned with full sleeves. Other Legation Attaché wives were also attired in Norwegian dress, all of which added to the perfection of the picture.

But the high spot of the evening was the Norwegian supper that greeted us in the dining room after the pictures. After having witnessed the "life" of the brisling, we were particularly anxious to taste this delicacy. There it was shining and white in its little can along with its tiny "brothers"—herring and shrimp—and the shrimp (Reker, in Norwegian) was the smallest I have ever seen. This may have been what is termed a "cold table", but the fact remains that a hot dish was served at either end. My curiosity always gets the better of me in the matter of food and I was glad because the "Fiskeboller", or fish balls to us, were simply delicious! It was like biting into a delicious fluffy ball. I am told the fish is ground very, very fine and mixed with the white of an egg, steamed, and then served with cream sauce. At the other end of the table an equally intriguing dish was served. Somebody said "Meat balls", but these "Kjøttboller" of finely ground veal

were just so much better than our ordinary dish of that name that there was no comparison. I must admit that I have always liked pickled herring but this "Sild" was the "tops". Aspics and vegetable salads added to the decorative scheme and were just a bit better than ours, and the non-fattening bread from the land of the fjords was really good.

And although all this "lay-out" wasn't enough, added to it American turkey, Virginia ham, tossed green salad, ice cream, cakes and coffee.

Exceedingly good recordings kept us entertained with Norwegian music all evening, one number especially pleasing was "Sol-veig", from which the Morgenstierne's baby girl was named. Madame Morgenstierne is going with her two little girls to Norway this summer to get them acquainted with their native country. Last spring she took her older daughter, Marjorie, to Canada to teach her skiing.

You could go the world over and never find two more delightful people nor more genuine friends than the host and hostess of the Norwegian Legation.



Ned Bronson Harris

PRESIDENT OF THE NEWSPAPER WOMEN'S CLUB OF WASHINGTON
AND HEAD OF THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL BUREAU

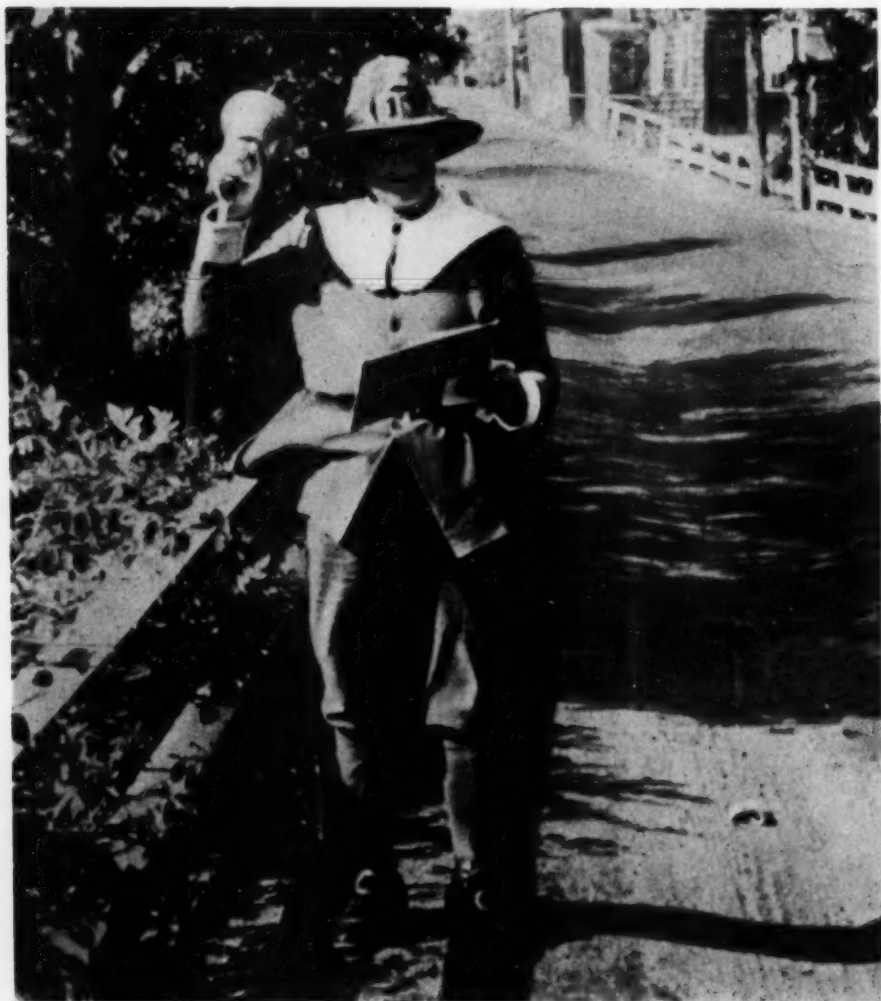
Minister recently delivered a trans-Atlantic broadcast in celebration of the National Holiday, the anniversary of the separation of Norway and Sweden in 1814.

And as if it had all been planned that way, our distinguished American Minister

to Norway, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, chose this time to come home for a visit. She fairly radiated health and cheer, so happy and well has she been at her post. "We fairly lived outdoors and I have taken more exercise than in all my life before—that's the answer to the rosy cheeks and buoyant spirits of these people." She was so full of her life there that it was a joy to listen to her tales. Though she had her troubles learning both to pronounce ski (she) and to conquer the sport, she has become an enthusiast.

It was particularly interesting to hear the extent to which the off-season home-work has been developed, first sponsored privately, now by the government. Knitting, weaving, wood-carving, tapestry, fine drawn-work, basket-weaving—these keep the people busy during the winter season when fishing and whaling are impossible. And over 500,000 silver foxes are raised a year!

To continue with this Norway story, the



AMOS KUBIK, THE TOWN CRIER, ON HIS ROUNDS THROUGH PROVINCETOWN

There is practically no illiteracy among the two million inhabitants—whose children attend state schools and universities.

These and many more thrillingly interesting bits of information our delightful representative revealed.

We can look with pride upon our second woman Minister as we did her predecessor, Ruth Bryan Owen, in Denmark. Mrs. Hariman is a handsome—queenly—exceed-

ingly democratic—brilliant woman who has thoroughly endeared herself to this Scandinavian country.

*The Newspaper Women's Club of
Washington*

AN ENDOWED BED in a Children's Hospital is a splendid philanthropy, I think we will all agree. That's the "side-line" of the Newspaper Women's Club of Washington.



LUPITA GARCIA AND HECTOR LIST PERFORMING "EL JARABE", AN OLD MEXICAN COURTING DANCE

Organized six years ago on a slightly more pliable basis than the Women's National Press Club, it has taken in as associate members well-known women interested in the newspaper profession. Permanent club headquarters were established immediately so that the members could foregather to play and entertain their friends.

Besides undertaking the endowment of a hospital bed, they have also given aid to

the Ladies of Charity who distribute milk to undernourished children. Added to that a fellowship has been established which gives a fund from which members can draw in time of need.

All these high ambitions take money. So ways and means have had to be devised to provide care for the "children." Three efficient presidents have guided the destinies of this club. A May Day Carnival,

a St. Patrick's Day Fair, sponsoring opening nights of plays—that's how the money has been raised.

This year the Abbey Players in the "Far Off Hills," filled the National Theatre with interested friends who thoroughly enjoyed this delightful Irish play by Lennox Robinson.

For this gala affair, Mrs. Cordell Hull, the wife of the Secretary of State, was the honorary chairman of patronesses and Mrs. Claude Swanson, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, was honorary chairman. After a packed house of notables had enthusiastically voiced their approval of the players came the reception at the Club's Headquarters in what was formerly the French Embassy, with the cast as guests of honor.

The Charge D'Affaires of Ireland and Mrs. Robert Brennan received with the Club's President, Mrs. Ned Bronson Harris. When you saw there such well-known people as Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Justice and Mrs. Stanley Reed, Representative Edith Nourse Rogers, Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross, Miss Mary Dewson, and many, many others, you can well understand in what high favor these girls are held.

Mrs. Ned Bronson Harris, like Doris Fleeson, President of the Women's National Press Club, holds a unique position in the Washington newspaper world. They both rate masculine achievements all the while remaining thoroughly charming and feminine. Mrs. Harris, after a long climb up from Tennessee politics, where she held the job of assistant treasurer of the National Democratic Committee (the highest political position ever given a woman up to that time), has achieved real honors here—she is the *only* woman head of a Metropolitan Press Bureau—for the *Minneapolis Journal*, the oldest, largest newspaper in the Northwest. In this capacity she covers everything of interest in Minnesota with particular stress on politics. A series of articles on political science revealed her inside knowledge of the political game.

She's added to her labors and pleasures as President of the Club and it has continued to prosper under her leadership. I am proud to be counted an associate member of this group.

A National Folk Festival

EVERYDAY I HAVE CAUSE to be grateful for my Washington experiences—some days more than others—but this spring, my cup has run over with pride in the heritage of our comparatively young country, particularly, as I listened to the Fifth National Folk Festival about which your Editor has written such an inspiring account.

The actual mechanics of bringing these 500 amateur performers from 29 states was in itself a heroic undertaking. And when you realize the months of labor that preceded, it is all the more to the credit of the originator of the idea, Miss Gertrude Knott, a well known director of plays, and the head of the Dramatic League of St. Louis. Elimination trials had to be held at State Festivals and sponsors had to be found for the various groups both at home and in the cities where the performances were given.

But enough of that. On with the show!

The packed auditorium of your grand Hall grew absolutely quiet when Pilgrim-clad Amos Emanuel Kubik walked down the aisle swinging his bell and intoning the announcements. He is the only official Town Crier left in the United States, the pride of Provincetown, Massachusetts, where he makes over a hundred announcements daily. Upon reaching the stage, he introduced Miss Knott who was the Mistress of Ceremonies.

Let some of the actors pass in review!

"Come, Come Ye Saints" sang the sun-bonneted Mormon maidens in their long, quaint, checked calico dresses—an inspired adaptation of the English folk song, "All is Well, All is Well". Just as their ancestors "tossed their troubles away with their toes", they danced the Virginia Reel, and sang "Push and Pull" as it was sung in the long trek across the country to Utah.

Here come the Dunkards in their traditional gray costumes of the Church of the Brethren. How they did chant those century-old hymns!

A group of negroes from the Maryland Eastern Shore made the Hall resound with the old spirituals of the crab pickers and oyster shuckers.

More religious folk songs in the form of "burying chants" by the Plain Song Chant-



Eugenia Davis

THE BLIND SINGER FROM WEST VIRGINIA, ACCOMPANYING HERSELF ON THE AUTO-HARP

ers of Kentucky—farmers, carpenters and ministers from the hills.

Eugenia Davis, the blind singer from West Virginia, accompanying herself on a rare old instrument called the auto-harp, sang lovely ballads learned from her grandfather; a particularly beautiful one, "Come Ye Fair and Tender Maidens".

Mrs. Keyes has written so graphically of the gorgeously arrayed Montana Blackfeet and New Mexico Navajo Indians who appeared for the first time at a festival per-

formance, that I shall not go into further detail about their amazing ceremonial dances.

You would all have enjoyed hearing the Pennsylvania railroad engineer booming forth "Casey Jones" which he has been doing for 32 years.

Just because I am from Michigan don't think I am showing favorites when I am particularly enthusiastic over the Michigan lumberjacks. They were like a page from the past, all of them in their seventies and



THE GROUP OF MORMON MAIDENS SINGING "COME, COME YE SAINTS"

the star performer an eighty-year-old who clog-danced and rattled furiously on his homemade tambourine. Their performance was centered about "A night in the bunk house" which gave leeway to many amusing songs. The history of their homemade instruments tells the story of the pioneer's need of music in the midst of his hardships—out of an old cracker box came a dulcimer!

I wish you could have seen the North Carolina mountain group doing what must have been the predecessor of the "Big Apple". Such strenuous dancing to the tunes of "She'll be Coming Round the Mountain" and "The Ocean Wave"! What a "Grape Vine Twist"!

A "Swinging Game" by Tennessee mountaineers was less vigorous and more graceful, and the calls of the leader more amusing. During "Cage the Bird" one of the group gave bird calls.

A social worker in Ohio quite by accident unearthed an old sea captain, one of the very last of the Canal men. He so enjoyed singing "The Raging Canal" that the Director had to quietly interrupt so that the next performer could appear on time!

The Texas Cowboys and Girls in their high-heeled boots and gay shirts received a big hand when they sang "The Cowboy's Christmas Ball", a festival native to Anson, Texas. After one happy winter in the Southwest, I particularly enjoyed this gay group.

You would have loved the Louisiana Acadians, especially the little ten-year-old boy who, up until three weeks before, had never seen a town of over 300 inhabitants. How he did sing! Some of the privations that were seared into the souls of their ancestors who were driven from Nova Scotia, seemed still to resound in their music.



THE MICHIGAN LUMBERJACKS APPEARING IN "A NIGHT IN THE BUNKHOUSE"

Even their dances were those in vogue in the days of Evangeline. Joining this group to sing ancient French songs was 75-year-old Mrs. Josephine Caney of Vincennes, Indiana. She sang the songs her great-great grandmother had sung to the soldiers who in 1771 had followed George Rogers Clark into Vincennes to wrest it from the French. You will also recall that this was where the British signed the treaty that gave the new territory to the United States.

Las Posadas, a mystical religious ceremony, signifying the search of the Holy Pair for shelter, was the Mexican offering presented by a group from "Our Lady of Guadalupe Center", Kansas City, Missouri. Most impressive was the candlelight procession as the singers walked down the aisle to the stage.

Russian Folk Music and Dances from Duquesne University at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, featured a strange musical instrument, the tamburitza. And a group of Scotch descendants naturally did the Highland Fling and played bag-pipes. On and

on I could go! But reading is not like hearing and seeing!

During the Festival a special handicraft exhibit was held in Constitution Hall by the Women's Division of W.P.A. of which Mrs. Ellen S. Woodward is Assistant Administrator. There was a complete spinning exhibit from the wool to the completed article—linen made from home grown flax—ceramics—hammered copper—bead and basket making—hooked rugs—etc.

The honorary Curator of Archives of Folk Songs in the Library of Congress, Mr. John Lomas, has twice been President of the Folklore Society of America. With his son, Alan, who is now Assistant Curator of Archives, he has been particularly helpful in promoting these Folk Festivals. From his book on ballads and folk songs let me quote, "Folk Songs come straight from the heart of the people; the isolation of the plains and the forests, and the places of confinement like prison camps have bred these songs which are sometimes sad and plaintive and sometimes lovely and gay".

They must be preserved!

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT



LUE REYNOLDS SPENCER

Genealogical Editor and Reference Consultant

MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Genealogical Extension Service

SINCE the session of Continental Congress closed many members have remained to take advantage of the records in the D. A. R. Library. This Library has received thousands of unpublished records that have been collected and compiled during the year by the Chapter and State Chairman of the Genealogical Records Committee under the leadership of the National Chairman, Dr. Jean Stephenson. Universal surprise and gratitude are expressed for these unprecedented contributions to genealogy.

The list of these books, manuscripts, etc., will appear in the Magazine supplemental in the proceedings of the National Board meetings. These should be filed for future reference and in this way a catalog of our Library books may be compiled.

Excerpts from the reports of the Genealogical Extension Service made during the month included the lineage and service in the Revolutionary War of a Goolsbury Childress of Amherst Co., Virginia born 1757 married 1782 Nancy Swinney of Amherst Co., Virginia. He received a pension (which will soon be published in this department) for services as a private in the Virginia Militia. He removed to Garrard Co., Kentucky where he is listed in the Census as a pensioner in 1840 having served in the Revolutionary War, and living in the family of John Orr. The wife of John Orr was Nancy Childress a daughter of Goolsbury Childress.

Goolsbury Childress and Nancy Swinney

were parents of thirteen children. The names of only two of them are available to us, viz.; Nancy who married John Orr and Capt. Goolsbury Childress, Jr. born Amherst Co., Virginia in 1790 married in Louisville, Kentucky 1812 to Mary Elizabeth Thomas. Capt. Goolsbury Childress, Jr. served as Captain in the War of 1812 and rendered other distinguished services in the Indian Wars following that period. He removed to Adams Co., Illinois and, later, with a large delegation from Illinois, Kentucky, and Tennessee, went to Texas. Here he took an important part in the up-building of that state. (This department will welcome the names of the eleven other children of Goolsbury and Nancy Swinney Childress.)



War Pensions

WHITE, JOHN. Widow, Elizabeth. (W. 6476. Certificate No. 3857, issued Aug. 12, 1839, act of July 7, 1838, at \$53.33 per annum, from March 4, 1836. Virginia agency. Virginia Service. Private.)

Application for pension Aug. 13, 1838. Age, 66 years. Residence at date of application, Mathews Co., Va.

Elizabeth White declares that she is the widow of John White, who was a Revolutionary soldier and W. S. pensioner under the Act of Congress approved June 7, 1832.

She was married to John White March 26, 1791, in Gloucester Co., Va., by Parson McBride. Her name before said marriage was Elizabeth Davenport.

This is to certify that Mr. John White and Miss Elizabeth Davenport were joined in marriage March 26, 1791, agreeable to the rites of the Church of England. Signed: James McBride.

There is no further family data on file.

WHITE, JOHN. Widow, Elizabeth. (W. 6476. Certificate No. 23,372, issued Jan. 1834, act of June 7, 1832, at \$63.33 per annum, from March 4, 1831. Virginia Agency. Virginia Service. Private and Sergeant.)

Application for Pension Aug. 13, 1832. Age, born March 1756. Residence at date of application, Mathews Co., Va.

John White was born March, 1756, in Kingston Parish, Gloucester Co., Va., where he resided when he entered the army and served with the Virginia Troops.

He enlisted in 1776, served three months as a sergeant in Capt. Robert Cary, Col. John Peyton; also served about six weeks as a private at Guynn's Island, when Lord Dunmore invaded there.

In 1776 he served as a sergeant for three months under Capt. George Blummer.

In 1778 he served 2 months as a private in Capt. John Billup's Co.

1780 he served three months as a private in Capt. Peter Barnett's Co.

In 1781, served 3 months in Capt. John Billup's Co., and 1 month in Capt. Hungerford's, Col. Mercer's Regt.

He was in an engagement at Sewells Old Field.

He served other short tours, once under Capt. John Willis.

Mathews Co., Va., November 21, 1833. *Joseph Pugh* and *William Digges*, both of lawful age, declared that they had served with John White during the Revolutionary War in Capt. John Willis' Co. of Gloucester Co. militia, Col. John Peyton's Regt., was with them at Hubbard's Old Field and discharged Oct., 1781. No family data filed.

WILLIAMS, CHARLES. (S. 35122, B. L.

Wt. 11848-100. Certificate No. 12039; issued June 19, 1818, act of March 18, 1818, at \$8.00 per month, from May 5, 1818. Maryland Agency. Maryland Service. Private.)

Application for Pension May 5, 1818. Age, 57 years. Residence at date of application St. Mary's Co., Md.

He entered the service of the Colonies, March 27, 1780 (Place not stated) served as a private in Capt. Joseph Marbury's Co., 3rd Md. Regt. and in Col. Gunby's Md. Regt.

He was in the battle of Camden, Guilford, Ninety-Six and Eutaw Springs.

Two weeks before his term expired he went as a guard with prisoners from Annapolis, Md., to Fredericktown, Md., under Capt. Beatty and Maj. Hardman. Was discharged April 1783, at Fredericktown, Md.

Aug. 11, 1820, Charles Williams, aged about 56 years, a resident of St. Mary's Co., Md., states that he has six children between the ages of ten and twenty-five years, four males and three daughters, a son, James, is referred to in 1833.

Charles Williams died Feb. 16, 1839, and was survived by two children, Mary Hill is the only name given.

The above history is that of the only Charles Williams who served in the Md. troops found on the Revolutionary War Records of this bureau. There are no further family data on file.

YOUNG, JOHN. Widow, Rebecca. (W. 4719. Certificate No. 167; issued Nov. 11, 1836, act of July 4, 1836, at \$450.00 per annum, from March 4, 1831. Maine Agency. Rhode Island Naval Service. Surgeon.)

Application for pension October 10, 1836. Age, 79 years. Residence at date of application, Phippsburg, Lincoln Co., Maine.

Rebecca Young declares that she is the widow of Dr. John Young, who served as a surgeon during the Revolutionary War and was a W. S. pensioner under the Act of Congress passed March 18, 1818.

She was married to John Young at Wellfleet, Mass., Sept. 3, 1776, by Rev. Isaiah Lewis.

Dr. John Young, late of Lewis in Sussex, England, now of Wellfleet, and Rebecca Young, of said Wellfleet, were married by the Rev. Isaiah Lewis, Sept. 3, 1776. Re-

corded by Hezekiah Doane, Town Clerk, copied from the 1st Book of records kept by the Town of Wellfleet, Oct. 10, 1836. Signed: Josiah Whitman, Town Clerk.

The following children appear in the claim:

Abner D. Young, John S. Young, Sophia Snipe, Sarah Valentine, Lucinda Munn, Rebecca H. Higgins, Nancy Rice, Phebe Gill and Pamela Crane, wife of Joseph Crane.

Oct. 21, 1836, John J. Valentine, of Boston, Mass., aged 61 years, declares that Dr. John Young and his widow, Rebecca Young, were the parents of his present wife, etc.

Feb. 27, 1845, Abner D. Young was residing in Phippsburg, Me. (one of the children).

March 15, 1855, Nathaniel and Rebecca H. Higgins, his wife of Duxbury, declare they are interested heirs-at-law of Rebecca Young.

George W. Higgins appears as a witness (no relation stated).

In 1848 Mrs. Willson and Mrs. Rice, of New York, are referred to as daughters.

Mrs. Rebecca Young died July 26, 1837.

April 9, 1855, the surviving children were Abner D. Young, Rebecca Higgins, Sophia Snipe, Nancy Rice, Pamela Crane, and Lucinda Munn.

There are no further family data on file.

Queries and Answers

Queries are numbered and published in the order filed. In the future, these should contain not more than 60 words besides name and address of the sender.

Volunteer answers are solicited. Give name and address and number of the query answered.

QUERIES

16102. SMITH.—Amy Smith, dau. of Joseph Smith—probably of Norfolk, Conn.—mar. Nov. 17, 1756 Nathan Pierson (Parsons) b. Nov. 7, 1754 in Norwalk, Conn., son of Thomas Pierson (Parson) & Roth Holbrook dau. of Abiel Holbrook of Derby, Conn. Wanted parentage of Joseph Smith.

(a) BREWSTER.—Rev. Nathaniel Brewster graduated in first class from Harvard College 1642. Returned to England

where he preached many years, later came to America & mar. for 2d wife, Sarah, dau. of Sir Roger Ludlow, abt. 1656. Nathaniel was b. between 1611-1618. After marrying Sarah Ludlow he became minister of church in Brookhaven, Seetauket. He and Sarah Ludlow are buried in Brookhaven, L. I. Who were Nathaniel's parents?

(b) SMITH.—John Upham Smith was born 1788 & mar. Harriet Van Vorhees in 1816 & in 1818 a son was born, also named John Upham Smith. Both these John Upham Smiths were b. in Charlotte or Charlotte Four Corners, near the Schcharie river, a German settlement. The first John Upham Smith died 1818 a short time before his son was born. In old letters concerning these people Jeremiah Smith is referred to & was living near Albany. Could he be the father of the first John Upham Smith? The widow Harriet Van Vorhees later mar. a man named Henry —.

16103. ATTERBURY.—Wanted ances. & any biographical data of Charles Atterbury, wife (traditionally) Sarah Jett; son Michael mar. in Hardin Co., Ky., in 1816. Charles possibly from North or South Car. Also spelled Atteberry, Atleberry. Wanted also ances. & biographical data of the following:

(a) LOGSDON.—Thomas Logsdon, of Logan Co., Ky. (1795), later of Hardin Co.; had dau. Ruth m. in 1793. Also name & parentage of his wife.

(b) SKINNER.—Elizabeth Skinner (also called Zoubbide & Azuba), who m. Samuel Hough in Loudon Co., Va., Jan. 2, 1797. Also want date of her death & that of her husband, & their children's dates of birth.

(c) COX.—Edward Cox, wife Susie —. Had dau. Araminta b. 1774 who m. David Sparks. Edward Cox probably went from Ky. to Ill., where he died in St. Clair Co. Also want surname & parentage of his wife Susie.

(d) SPARKS.—Joseph Sparks, father of above David; had wife Mary —. Son David was b. 1770. Also want name & parentage of wife Mary.

(e) BREWER.—William Brewer of Chat-ham Co., N. C., & Christian Co., Ky. Wife was Milly West. Their son William was b. June 18, 1803.

(f) GRUBBS.—William Grubbs, of Albe-marle Co., Va., who went early to Ky. &

died there soon after arrival. Wife was Susanna Hearne. Their dau. Anna was b. June 23, 1766. Also parentage of John Grubbs, b. 1751 in Hanover Co., Va., d. 1819 Barren Co., Ky.

(g) HOPKINS.—Sarah Hopkins, b. 1754, d. 1832, wife of John Grubbs.—*Mrs. James R. Spraker, 64 Dorchester Road, Buffalo, N. Y.*

16104. GARDNER.—Wanted parentage with ances. of each of Robert L. Gardner, who was b. 28 Oct. 1783 & d. 9 Nov. 1866, and of Samuel Gardner, b. 5 May 1755, d. 27 April 1812, buried Florida, N. Y., mar. Hannah. Wanted her maiden name & the rec. of this Samuel's Rev. service.—*Joseph Gardiner, Newburgh, N. Y.*

DARROW-DARRAH.—Wanted ances. of Wm. Darrow or Darrah, 1790-186—; was living in Morgan Co., Ohio, in 1838; mar. abt. 1813 Mary Campbell, b. 1795. Where was Wm. Darrow born?

(a) JOHNSTON.—Wanted ances. of Samuel Johnston, b. in Va. 1788; mar. Sarah Carr, b. in Md. 1782.—*Miss Lilian Mains, West Point, Miss.*

16105. MYRTLE.—Wanted ances. of John Myrtle, b. in Va. abt. 1760; d. in Jefferson Co., Ky.; will probated 12-13-1813; m. Phebe Field, of Va., abt. 1782; she b. abt. 1764; was living 1815; ch.—John Myrtle, Jr., was in the War of 1812, b. abt. 1783; Wm. Myrtle in War of 1812, b. abt. 1782; both took part in N. O., La., battle; Lavenia Myrtle, b. 1787 m. Henry Lewis, both of Jeff. Co., Ky. Also want John Myrtle's Rev. Ser. and parents of Phebe Fields of Va.—*Mrs. E. B. Miller, 55 E. Broad & Miller Avenue, West Point, Miss.*

16106. WIATT.—Wanted name of birth place of Thomas Wiatt, also maiden name of wife Ann —, with birth place, parentage, etc. Solomon Wiatt, whose Bible is dated Phila. 1810 was the son of Thomas Wiatt (or Wyatt) who mar. Ann —, Sept. 30, 1778. Ann died Feb. 14, 1846, aged 102 yrs. Place of birth, death or mar. unknown. Thomas & Ann had the following children: Solomon, Rachel, Mary, Sarah, Ruth, Ziphora, John, Thomas, James, Nancy, Thomas.—*Mrs. May Wiatt Richardson, 262 S. Logan Ave., Audubon, N. J.*

16107. MCWHORTER.—Will appreciate any infor. regarding Polly McWhorter, first

wife of John Armstrong of Orange Co., N. Y. I believe they lived near Warwick, N. Y.—*Mrs. Florence Wooding Nickerson, 2 Platt St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*

16108. GILCHRIST - SMITH. — Wanted parentage of William Gilchrist, b. Jan. 10, 1769, mar. Jane Smith, b. 1774, Fort Pitt. William Gilchrist had bros. John, James & Joseph; also sisters. Wm. Gilchrist & Jane Smith were mar. abt. 1792 in Washington Co., Pa. Children were: Nancy, Mildred, Mary, John Smith, Jane, William, Margaret, Robert, Thomas, Coscory, Alexander Campbell & Carolina.—*Miss Mary Belle Pickup, Kasbeer, Illinois.*

16109. BEOUGHIER.—Wanted ances. of Benj. Beoughier, 1782-1838, will in Hocking Co., Ohio, mar. abt. 1803, Elizabeth Clinger-Klinger.

(a) WALCHER.—Wanted ances. of Rev. Daniel Walcher, a German, b. abt. 1795; d. 1852; licensed in 1816; first Lutheran preacher in Ill.; visited Ill. 1825, back to N. C. Was from Pa. to Cabarrus Co., N. C., then to Montgomery Co., Ill. Wife Lucretia living in 1887; son Daniel b. Iredell Co., N. C., 1839; he was 3 yrs. old when father came to live in Ill. As early as 1756 Adam Walcher was known in rent transaction in Mecklenburg Co., N. C.; in 1815 Daniel Walcher gave land to build a Lutheran Church on, in Iredell Co., N. C. Can any one connect these names? Who was Lucretia? Please give any data on this family.—*Mrs. L. J. Howard, Jr., Broad St., West Point, Miss.*

16110. CADY.—Wanted ancestors with dates of Joseph Cady of Conn., wife Nancy Blare or Blair of Vt. Their children were George, Elijah, Mary Jane, b. 1815; d. Dec. 17, 1902, at Holly, Orleans Co., N. Y., m. Eli L. Carey, 1811-1876.—*E. P. H. McCullough, 1626 Garden St., Santa Barbara, Calif.*

16111. GARRISON.—Wanted ances. of Richard Q. Garrison, b. 3-9-1801 in Va. think Albemarle Co.; m. abt. 1830 Annie Ella Marr b. 2-15-1813 in Orange Co., Va. Also want ances. of Ann Ella Marr.

(a) BAKER.—Wanted ances. of Wm. Baker Sr. b. 1795; m. 12-2-1818 to Elizabeth Baker, b. 1805, both of Albemarle County, Va. in 1850 Census; Had son John b. 1836.

(b) HASKINS.—Wanted ances. of John

M. Haskins b. 1808; m. 1-10-1839 Irene Toms, b. 1821; her Father was Wm. Toms m. 11-13-1819 Susan Toms; all in Albemarle Co., Va. Please give ancestors of Wm. Toms & wife.—*Mrs. W. O. Hughes, East Broad St., West Point, Miss.*

16112. GRIFFITH.—Abel Griffith mar. Hannah Gore, he was supposed to have been son of Benjamin Griffith & wife Frances Morris. Abel & Hannah Gore were mar. abt. 1831 or 34. 1st child was Morris Griffith b. 2-17-1836, probably in Fayette, Pa. They moved to Muskingum Co., Ohio in 1840 nr. Dillens Falls on Licken River. Would like infor. on this Griffith & Morris Line.—*Virginia Griffith, 25 Prospect Place, Tudor City, New York, N. Y.*



BIBLE RECORDS

Records from Family Bible of Angeline and James De Lamater Tripp, Belvidere, Ill.

Births

Stephen Maxon, 1st was born 1734 (wife) Martha Stewart was born 1736. Died April 29, 1794 of cancer. Martha, his wife, died A.D. 1792.

Stephen Maxon, 2nd, was born 25 of Aug. 1757 (wife) Caty W. Whitford was born 14th of May, 1760.

Esther Maxon was born 24 of May 1780.

Stephen Maxon, 3rd, born 5 of Sept. 1782.

William Steward Maxon was born 11 of Sept. 1784.

Joshua W. Maxon was born 31st of Dec. 1786.

Hannah Maxon was born 3d of July 1789.

Caty Maxon was born 7 of June 1792.

Sarah Maxon was born 8 of Nov. 1794.

James Deamatter Tripp was born December 1807 (wife) Angeline Maxon was born Jan. 4th 1809.

Catherine Tripp was born July 16th, 1830. Stephen Maxon Tripp was born May 10th, 1832.

James Harvey Tripp was born July 31st, 1834.

Mary Adelaide Tripp was born Oct. 17th, 1836.

Hannah Caroline Tripp was born Jan. 31, 1837.

An infant son, born July 7th, 1841.

Celia Adelaide Tripp, also twin daughter, was born April 25th, 1844.

Stephen Otis Tripp was born August 31st, 1845.

James Tripp was born April 18th, 1849.

Julia Angeline Tripp was born August 22d, 1850.

John Tripp was born March 28th, 1854.

Joseph Tripp was born Nov. 7th, 1856.

Celia Adelaide Tripp Woodward is the sole survivor of the Maxson-Tripp family, being at the time this copy was made, Oct. 10, 1937, 93 years, 6 months, 15 days old and residing with her daughter Julia in Oakland, California.

Stephen Maxson (Maxon) was born 1734 and Martha Stewart was born 1736, married 1756. Their children as follows, viz.:

Stephen Maxson was born Aug. 25th, 1757 (Rev. War Soldier).

Avis Maxson was born Oct. 20th, 1759.

Esther Maxson was born June 15th, 1762.

Jared Maxson was born Dec. 30th, 1764.

Joel Maxson was born Mar. 21st, 1767.

Hannah Maxson was born Feb. 26th, 1769.

Benjamin Maxson was born June 27th, 1771.

Thankful Maxson was born Feb. 27th, 1776.

Marriages

James D. Tripp and Angeline Maxon were married October 4, 1829.

Wm. Stockwell and Catherine W. Tripp were married May 3rd, 1854.

H. Caroline Tripp and Charles T. Mather were married Jan. 31, 1856.

Celia A. Tripp and John N. Woodward Dec. 24th, 1865.



Family Associations

The organization of Family Associations is a most effective means of collection and compilation of family records. We invite your cooperation. Send name and address of the secretary of your association to the Registrar General to add to this list.

Clayton Family Association, J. Wilbur Clayton, 39 Johnson Road, West Orange, New Jersey.

Colvin Family Association, Dr. D. H. Colvin, Secretary, 708 Tecumseh Bldg., Springfield, Ohio.

Eisenberg-Jones Family Association, Mrs. Ella Eisenberg Hartley, Secretary, Pottstown, R. F. D. 1, Pennsylvania.

Kern Family Association, Miriam Kern, Secretary, Stevens, R. D. Pennsylvania.

Keylor Family Association, Mrs. Walter N. Keylor, Leacock, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

Killian Family Association, Mrs. Laura K. Showalter, Secretary, 439 East End Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Kline-Ulmer Family Association, Charles C. Slentz, Quarryville, Pennsylvania.

Kling Family Association, W. W. Kling, Secretary, York Haven, Pennsylvania.

D. A. R. ANCESTRAL CHART

GENEALOGICAL EXTENSION SERVICE

B O R N R E S.	2	FATHER B O R N R E S.	REF.	3	GRANDFATHER B O R N R E S.	REF.	4	B O R N R E S.	5	B O R N R E S.												
											GRANDMOTHER B O	4	B O R N R E S.	5	B O R N R E S.							
																3	GRANDFATHER B O R N R E S.	REF.	4	B O R N R E S.	5	B O R N R E S.
GRANDMOTHER B O	4	B O R N R E S.	5	B O R N R E S.																		

KEY

B BORN
D DECEASED
M MARRIED
RES. - RESIDENCE
REF. REFERENCE

NOTES AND REFERENCES

USE OTHER SIDE FOR ANY ADDITIONAL DATA

In submitting orders for Genealogical Extension Service, please fill out chart similar to the above, giving especially the residence of the family in each generation.

Heraldry

JEAN STEPHENSON

Drawings by Azalea Green Badgley

Use of Coats of Arms in the United States

WHEN knights wore armor all looked alike, so the shield of each was painted with devices by which he could be recognized. This was the origin of coats of arms, although badges and similar symbols by families or tribes had been used from remote antiquity. The use of arms began about 1100 A.D. and has continued in Europe to the present day. In most European countries a coat of arms is a property right and its misuse or adoption by one not entitled to it can be the cause for a suit for damages in the same manner as if the trademark of one company were to be used by another. In the United States, coats of arms have no legal status and therefore no one can compel another to discontinue use of arms to which he has no right. However, as a matter of good taste and common honesty, no one should claim or use in any way a coat of arms unless he or she can prove descent from a man who rightfully bore it. To do otherwise places the user in the category of the person who buys old paintings in a junk shop and hangs them on the wall as portraits of her ancestors.

To display arms in any way, one must descend from an ancestor who bore them. As during the six hundred years between 1100 and 1700 there were many political and economic upheavals in the British Isles, a constant succession of new families acquired arms, and ones formerly using them discontinued doing so. Therefore, even though the immigrant ancestor did not bear arms, some of his ancestors may have done so; by tracing the line back through the squire, yeoman, or tradesman who was the immediate ancestor one may prove to be descended from a thirteenth century knight. There were, of course, many persons who were not entitled to arms, who descended from Saxon families, from persons coming to England for purposes of trade or refuge after the Norman conquest, from yeoman stock, etc., and hence it is not always possible to find arms for a family.

However, Americans of Colonial descent on all sides can usually find that several of their sixty-four or more immigrant ancestors descended from arms-bearing families.

Because arms were borne by one family is no reason other families of the same name were entitled to use the same arms, or even to use arms at all. Sometimes there is no relationship between families of the same name, especially if the surname is derived from a Christian or descriptive name. Sometimes the arms have been "differenced," that is, slight changes made so that a certain coat of arms is confined to one particular branch of a family. In every case, the line of descent should be traced back to an ancestor who bore arms, and the coat of arms used by that ancestor is the one to which the descendant is entitled.

In Europe, only the paternal coat of arms, that is, the arms borne by the father, may be used. In the United States, where the interest and value of a coat of arms is of an historical, sentimental, and personal nature, it is considered proper to use in some way arms used by any ancestor. Thus, arms of any ancestor may be displayed on the wall, or worked in linens, tapestry, upholstery, or iron, for use about one's home, but only arms borne by the paternal ancestor should be used on silver or stationery. A coat of arms designates a person in the same manner that a surname does, and should be used only where the name or initial of the surname would be used.

There is no complete list of coats of arms for any country. The majority of books give the arms of present families of the name, which may in many cases be different from that borne by an ancestor who came to this country two to three hundred years ago. For England, volumes such as Burke contain descriptions of only a fraction of the coats of arms known to have been used. In subsequent articles some of the sources of information as to coats of arms-bearing families will be given.

Gates



Arms: Per pale gules and azure three lions rampant guardant or.

Crest: A demi-lion rampant guardant or.

West



Arms: Argent, a fess dancetté sable.

Crest: Out of a ducal coronet or, a griffin's head azure, eared and beaked of the first.

Symbols for Heraldic Tinctures



THERE were at least six different coats of arms borne by families named Gates, living in as widely separated parts of England as Co. York, Lincoln, Norfolk, Essex, and Devon. Those borne by families in Norfolk, Essex, Lincoln, and York are identical, indicating a probable common origin.

The arms depicted are those of Gates of Semer. Co. York, and Co. Essex. Stephen Gates of Co. Norfolk, who settled at Hingham, Mass. (1638), apparently came from this family. His descendants could probably establish descent from an ancestor who bore these arms.

There were immigrants by the name of Gates in almost every colony. It is not known whether any others have been authoritatively traced to families bearing the six different arms known to have been used by Gates in England.

THERE are more than thirty-two different coats of arms known to have been used by families named West. These families are not confined to one locality but lived in almost every county in England and many in Ireland. However, nineteen of these arms are some variation of the fess dancetté here shown, which may indicate a common origin, with differences in color and charges to distinguish different branches of the family.

The arms here shown are the original arms of the West family from which descended the Lords De La Warr. The Lords De La Warr quartered the West and De La Warr arms, but cadet branches and untitled members of the family used the West arms alone.

Descendants of John West, brother of Lord De La Warr, who was Governor of Virginia 1635-7, are entitled to use these arms. Descendants of Anthony West of Northumberland Co., Va., are entitled to one of the variations, borne by families in Cos. Bucks, Berks, England, and Cos. Down and Roscommon, Ireland, i.e., three leopards' faces on the fess.

No attempt has been made to ascertain whether West immigrants to New England, Pennsylvania, or South Carolina, came from families bearing any one of these thirty-two coats of arms.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE



IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Publication of Parliamentary Procedure articles in pamphlet form as announced in the June issue has been delayed. Until further notice orders for these pamphlets can *NOT* be filled.

VII—Questions Answered

PERTAINING TO THE WORK OF THE RECORDING SECRETARY, MINUTES, ETC.

THERE were at least a dozen, or more, questions in the Question Box, (placed on the table during the early morning talks, the week of Congress,) asking for information regarding the duties of the Recording Secretary and also about the *minutes* of an organization! In this Article I will try to answer all of these questions in "blanket form," and also endeavor to bring out a number of important points which are oftentimes misunderstood!

Robert's Rules of Order Revised, page 244 to 251 inclusive, will give you detailed and definite instructions as to the duties of a *Recording Secretary*, and also outlines the essential records to be made in the minutes. Robert's Parliamentary Law devotes an entire chapter (XXIX) to the duties of Secretaries.

The Recording Secretary is referred to as "the Secretary," and in an organization having two secretaries, when the simple term, "Secretary" is used, it means the *Recording Secretary*. In organizations which do not have a Corresponding Secretary, it is understood that the duties of both Recording and Corresponding Secretary devolves upon the one secretary. The "Recording Secretary" is not addressed as such; for instance, the Chair says—"The Secretary will read the minutes."

Robert tells us that the Recording Secretary is responsible for keeping a record of the proceedings, stating that which was done and **NOT WHAT WAS SAID!** (unless the minutes are to be published and used for a certain purpose.) There are certain essential facts to be recorded in the minutes of an ordinary assembly, namely—

1. The kind of a meeting. ("Regular, special, adjourned regular, or adjourned special.")
2. Name of the assembly.
3. Date of meeting and place of meeting.

4. The presence of the president and secretary, or in their absence the names of substitute chairman and secretary.

5. Whether the minutes of the previous meeting were approved, or their reading dispensed with, the dates of the meeting also being given.

6. *All main motions*, (except those withdrawn) and points of order and appeals, *whether sustained or lost*, and all other motions that were not lost or withdrawn.

7. The hours of meeting and of adjournment.

The name of the member introducing a *main motion* is generally recorded in the minutes but *not of the seconder*.

When the vote is by ballot, the number of votes on each side should be recorded; also any "count" that has been ordered.

Since Resolutions are entered in the minutes, they are not kept on file.

Reports of Committees are received and filed and *are not recorded in the minutes* unless the Assembly considers the report of such great importance that the order is given that it "be entered on the minutes," which means that the Secretary copies it in full upon the record.

When meetings are held regularly, weekly, monthly, or quarterly, the minutes are read at the opening of each day's meeting, and after correction, should be approved. During a Convention the meetings are held several days in succession and then the minutes are read at the opening of the business meeting each day, corrected and approved. If the next meeting will not be held for six months or a year—the minutes which have not previously been read, should be read and approved *before the final adjournment*. If this is not done the Executive Committee or a special committee should be given power to correct and approve them. Minutes cannot be intelligently corrected after the lapse of six months or a year's time!

The proceedings of "the committee of the whole," should not be entered in the minutes—nor should the minutes of a "secret meeting" at which a member is "disciplined," be read at a meeting that is open to the public.

It is also the responsibility of the Secretary to keep a roll of the members, corrected and up-to-date, and to be ready to "call the Roll" when required. The Secretary should keep one book in which the Constitution, By-laws, Rules of Order, and Standing Rules should all be written, leaving blank space for Amendments to be recorded with the date, etc.

A secretary notifies officers, committees and delegates of their appointment and supplies the delegates with the proper credentials. The Secretary and President countersign all orders on the Treasurer, duly authorized by the society unless otherwise specified in the By-laws.

The secretary should make out an order of Business for the use of the presiding officer, also have a list of all Standing Committees and Special Committees presenting reports. When the Chairman is absent, and there is no Vice President, it is the duty of the Secretary to call the meeting to order, at the proper time, and to preside until the election of a Secretary pro tem, which should be the first order of business.

Now, "Minutes may be corrected whenever the error is noticed regardless of the time which has elapsed; but *after their adoption*, when too late to reconsider the vote, they *require a two-thirds* vote for their "amendment," (further correction) unless previous notice of the proposed amendment has been given, when a majority vote only, is necessary." (See R.R.O.R., page 148)

It is often desired to rescind an action taken, and also to express disapproval strongly by "*Expunging*" it from the minutes, or records. This is done by crossing out the words to be expunged, or by drawing a line completely around them, and the Secretary writing in the words "Expunged by order of the assembly," giving the date, and signing her name thereto. It takes a MAJORITY VOTE OF THE TOTAL MEMBERSHIP of an organization to do this, as the matter of Expunging from the records, a correct statement of what was done and recorded, the *record of which was officially approved*, should not be treated lightly; and even though a quorum is present and the vote to expunge is unanimous, it should not be declared a representative vote of the organization.

A Secretary DOES NOT append "Respectfully submitted" to the minutes—she signs her name and title, "Secretary."

When the Presiding Officer calls for the reading of the minutes, the Secretary rises and reads her "original pencil notes," and these original notes, *as corrected* are approved and then copied in the permanent Record Book. These "Original notes" should be kept until they are carefully compared with the permanent records. When the Secretary has finished reading the minutes, she may remain standing until the Chair has asked for their approval; however, should she be seated, corrections should be accepted and recorded immediately.

It is the right of any member to examine the minutes, but this privilege must not be abused to the annoyance of the Secretary. If the Secretary does not want the Record book to go out of her possession, she may take it to a meeting of a committee, and remain while the book is being consulted. If she thinks the book is not required at a committee meeting, she may refer the matter to the Presiding Officer whose decision is final.

The question was asked as to whether the minutes of the Executive Board are open for inspection by a club member who is *not* a member of the Board. The answer to this question would be "No"—*unless* the Executive Board gave permission to the club member—to inspect the minutes of the Board. If the club member is not given permission by the Board, then the matter would have to be decided by vote of the organization. The Society may, by a two-third's vote, or by a vote of a majority of the entire membership, require the Board to produce the minutes and have them read. If previous notice is given; then a *majority vote* will be all that is necessary.

No one has a right to insert into the minutes of any meeting, anything that was not said or not read during the meeting. Neither the president, nor the secretary has any right to insert a false statement in the minutes, and it would be a "false statement" to insert certain things as "said and done" *that were not said and done*. Personally I would suggest that all minutes be written in a very business-like way, using *very few adjectives*, making no criticisms, and very few favorable comments, and limiting the accounts of the "Pink Teas" to as few remarks as possible—using "a file" of newspaper accounts to cover the social side of the Society. This may be kept in the back of the book.

Yours for a restful summer—and a peaceful and happy vacation time.

ARLINE B. N. MOSS,
Mrs. John Trigg Moss,
Parliamentarian.

BOOK REVIEWS



Let Me Show You New Hampshire.

Ella Shannon Bowles. Alfred A. Knopf. New York. \$3.50. 1938.

In "Let Me Show You New Hampshire" Mrs. Ella Shannon Bowles presents that judicious mixture of folk-lore, history, literature and keen personal observation, combined with a reporter's survey of recent incidents and attainments, which makes any book of this type not only delightful reading, but at the same time, one of immense appeal to the serious-minded as well as the casual tourist, and one in which the permanent resident may well take pride.

So thoroughly has Mrs. Bowles absorbed her material, that only the research worker will realize the tremendous amount of careful research which has gone into this book. She has contrived to give to each of her chapters on varied subjects the charm of a friendly letter, written by one who knows intimately her subject matter, and who loves to share it.

She makes yesterday and today seem equally vibrant with life. Granite is here—the granite of hills and the granite of human character, so that it seems quite natural that the state which nursed the pioneers of yesterday, should exhibit pioneers even in this age.

If you want to be proud of your country, if you want to believe in her background, her people and her future, if you want to see the influence of a land where living is never easy on those who dwell there, you will want to read this book. And you will not be human, if when having read it, you do not start to the attic to find that empty suitcase, and look up the road maps in New Hampshire's direction.

This book will be especially interesting to members of the D. A. R. for not only is the work of the New Hampshire daughters given prominence again and again,

but your editor is mentioned as one of New Hampshire's important historical writers, her book "The Safe Bridge" being listed immediately after Kenneth Robert's "Northwest Passage," and a description of her present work as editor of your magazine is also included.

While the reviewer found here old friends who appeared recently in the pages of the "National Historical Magazine,"—John Demerrit's oxen and Portsmouth's French bell—and there was fresh information about that bell, for Mrs. Bowles says that it was recast, after cracking, by Paul Revere.

Perhaps the book might be summed up thus—old ways, old days, new times, new signboards and new friends.

C. C. C.

Old Landmarks of Our Neighborhood. Published by Gunthwaite Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Edited by Charlotte A. Barbour, Lisbon, N. H.

This little brochure, issued by the Gunthwaite Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, is limited to short historical material concerning a group of towns along the Ammonoosuc River in the State of New Hampshire—namely Lisbon, Sugar Hill, Franconia, Landaff, Lyman.

It is material selected, says the editor, from notes of various residents in the neighborhood, widely scattered, and by their nature definitely perishable, and the purpose of the publication is to preserve them in a permanent form.

The pages are well and clearly printed, without printer's errors, which so often are distressing in a work of this type, and the material tells not only of the first settlers and the exact location of their homes, grist mills, etc., with regard to the present town development, but adds to such memoranda

as "existing cellar holes" and "buildings still standing" and appropriately marked by the D. A. R., little local tales and legends, and cemetery epitaphs, all of which in centuries to come are often the most important and interesting of all to the historical researcher. The map which is included will help the actively interested researcher in locating definitely the premises to which the booklet refers.

It does not matter greatly in a book of this sort, whether the highest literary standards and groupings are followed. The important thing is that in such publications local material is preserved, which may be of greater and wider interest in the future, than those who thus conserve it have ever dreamed.

Just imagine if some of those first women at Plymouth had seen fit to keep a diary of daily happenings, unimportant as they may have appeared then. An instance in point is the local history contained in the old Norse sagas, which have preserved for Americans a chapter of their history, which otherwise would have been entirely lost.

Every D. A. R. chapter has material at hand waiting to be conserved, and surely among all the would-be writers, there can be found those eager to gather and put the material to paper, especially if publication is assured. The important thing to commend here is the fact that the women of Gunthwaite Chapter, N. H., have done this thing.

C. C. C.

Old Inns of Connecticut. Edited by Marian Dickinson Terry. The Prospect Press, Hartford, Conn. 1937.

This book is a difficult one to review at its true worth, for it will be "many things to many people." It was compiled, we are told, from material collected by The Committee on Historic Buildings of the National Society of The Colonial Dames of America in the State of Connecticut, which committee was organized some thirty years ago "for the purpose of assembling information concerning the early houses of the state."

Apparently the committee went about their work in a business-like fashion, interviewing not only old residents, but consulting and gathering family documents and letters which seemed in any way to concern

these early buildings. The documents themselves have been filed with the State Library.

Not content with many and careful photographs, architects were engaged to make drawings of framing and important structural points, as well as interesting interior details, and these drawings are included in the book, immediately following photographs of the particular inn under discussion, thus greatly increasing the value of the publication from an architectural standpoint.

The first volume issued by the committee was "Old Houses of Connecticut," edited by Mrs. Elford P. Trowbridge, with the assistance of Professor Charles M. Andrews of Yale University, and this was brought out in 1923 by the Yale University Press. But the available material being far beyond the limits of a single volume, the taverns of the state are presented in the present volume, which may be considered as a suitable companion to the first one issued as a result of the committee's efforts. Selection has been made, we are told "on the basis of architectural and historical importance, with a view to providing as much variety as possible." The inn of the early days we are reminded, was the colonists' social and commercial center, his shopping place, his newspaper, and his club, to say nothing of serving as a transient resting place.

So while the architecturally-minded will be enthralled with the opportunity to study the details of many Connecticut Taverns no longer in existence, and may revel to their hearts' delight in hidden chambers, modillion bracketed cornices, fluted pillars, dentils over doors and windows, monitor roofs, and the like, and the philanthropically-minded will have no excuse to delay suitable restoration of any inn which may strike their benevolent fancy, the historian will be fascinated by the importance of the tavern in our early days, when it sheltered first the post riders—pegs for the hanging of their saddles are still to be seen in some of the existing buildings—and then the stage-coach passengers, to say nothing of those traveling by the newly constructed canals.

The dramatist and novelist may look for source material and important details in this book; the genealogist may find delightful family records, the gatherer of antiques

will chance upon fascinating data; and the casual reader will discover many a paragraph to amuse an otherwise empty hour—if there be any such readers or any such hours remaining among us!

It is delightful to learn, for instance, that during the Revolution, Solomon Cowles and Martha his wife, apologize publically in the "Connecticut Courant" for serving Seth Bird of Litchfield with tea; while Seth Bird himself in the next issue explains that "having a new cold by riding in the rain the night before and having slept little" . . . the temptation overcame him and he decided that "as I felt that morning it could not be wrong to have a dish or two . . ."

And we sympathize with John Cook, who was threatened with being put out of his church because he used his oxen and ox-cart to convey his large family to church on a Sunday morning, when the Bible expressly states that one must not make oxen work on the Sabbath!

The indefatigable traveler, George Washington, appears to have visited many of the inns, but from his diary, thought most of them "poor houses," the one exception apparently being an inn kept by the "Widow Haviland at Rye." His usual diet seems to have been bread and milk, and it is recorded how a silver spoon was borrowed once for his use because the inn possessed only pewter ones. That spoon became sacrosanct ever after, as did the Lowestoft bowl which he used at another inn kept by a Major Marvin, "a bowl until recently in the possession of the Marvin family." A third anecdote concerns his stop for breakfast at an inn while en route to West Point at the time of the treason of Benedict Arnold. His staff seated themselves and proceeded to eat of the meal ordered in advance, but Washington "paced the floor, a bowl of bread and milk, which he was unable to eat, in his hands."

Not only has George Washington's presence in the various inns been carefully recalled, but an inn near Wethersfield apparently has been remembered because once "a horse of General Washington's was accommodated in the stables."

The Marquis de Lafayette, the Marquis de Chastelleux, likewise, travel through these pages, and pause at the inns. In one

French officers ride their horses through the doors and up to the bar, giving their orders directly from the saddle.

One learns much while perusing these accounts of ordinaries, inns and taverns, and notes that at the end of the Revolution—possibly in memory of the tea rebellion—the Coffee Houses become popular. The age of hotels has not been reached in the work, for these belong to the nineteenth century. One wonders whether, in the centuries to come, data will be gathered about the Tea Houses, the Tourists' Rests, the Trailer Parks of our own age!

C. C. C.

A Servant of the Crown, in England and in North America—1756-61. Norreys Jephson O'Connor. D. Appleton-Century Company. New York. \$3.00.

In his recent book, Mr. O'Connor has produced a most readable story, based on the account books of John Appy, Englishman of French Huguenot birth, who was an unpretentious clerk until he came to the American Colonies in 1756, as the secretary of the British Commander in Chief, Lord Loudoun. Most amusing evidence of his estimate of his future home is shown by his account book in his purchases. He forgot or did not realize that America had cities where supplies could be obtained, for he tried to forestall every possible want and need by bringing with him a great deal that he could more easily have secured as he actually needed it in New York. On first thought there would be but little inspiration in account books, but Appy's books, though intended to keep tab on his expenses, were more nearly diaries, for he jotted down comments on people, places, events, experiences, modes of travel, amusements, business matters, everything that a young man about town might do in his pursuits of wine, women, song, in his rise to a post of importance in the affairs of his chief and himself in the service to his king. When Lord Loudoun was recalled Appy stayed on as the secretary to Lord Amherst and finally became Judge Advocate of his Majesty's forces in America.

Though Appy's account books are unusually interesting in the diversity of their content, one less versed in literary culture

and appreciation of source material would have failed to evolve the engaging portrait of social life, customs and conditions which the author has spread upon the pages of his book, which has been judged the most complete picture of mid-eighteenth century London yet known. To companion it Mr. O'Connor found in the New York Historical Society Appy's American Account book. He has added to these, manuscript material from London, New York and Boston and in "A Servant of the Crown" he has given a brief biography of John Appy and a view of army life of a period of intriguing interest. His material and presentation is of such historical importance that the book has been adopted as an official publication by the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of New York. Mr. O'Connor has dipped his clever pen deep into the legendary and patriot-lore of Ireland and produced fascinating prose and verse and also a bit of drama.

EDNA M. COLMAN.

Free Land. Rose Wilder Lane. Longmans, Green and Company. New York. \$2.50.

"Everything is changed now, there's no more free land," we are reminded in this novel of Dakota pioneering. There was none free in the beginning, either. "The United States began as the only American government that gave no land to settlers," the Foreword states. "France, Spain, and Mexico offered free land; the United States offered freedom to men and sold its land to rich speculators. After the fertile lands were settled, when only arid plains remained and the gambling was in railroad stocks, the homestead act was passed in 1862. It was repealed in 1935."

Miss Lane is herself the daughter of a Dakota pioneer, born in a "claim shanty" almost half a century ago. She knows her subject matter inside out. Her characters come alive, her far horizons are visible. The glare, the ice, the dust, through which she takes us alternately dazzle us and freeze us and blind us. Her romance rings with reality.

It is this quality, to a large degree, that makes the book so readable. For in other respects, it has certain faults of omission and commission which would prove a for-

midable detraction if they were not swallowed up in its soundness and sincerity. It is well, for instance, to remind us that at the period when this story opens, women wore hoops, but this fact sinks in quickly, and we do not need continued reminders of it; when we encounter repeated references to the effect of hoops, we begin to feel irritated, as if our receptiveness were open to question. It is something the same with blizzards. The first one about which we read is soul-stirring; the second slightly shocking; the third causes a mild shiver. After that we begin to skip at the mere mention of snow, and consequently a scene which should represent a great crisis comes as an anti-climax.

Most disappointing of all, however, is the sense of futility with which the book fills the individual of average standards. To overcome hardships, to battle against the elements, to conquer disaster—all this is thrilling, it imparts a consciousness of vicarious victory. But if the hardships are never overcome, the elements never subdued, the disaster eternally rampant, the question arises, "What good did all the suffering do? What was the use, what was the meaning of it all? Pioneering in order to prevail—yes, that is the wonderful American way, the way we have all followed or wanted to follow. But pioneering for the mere sake of pioneering—is that not as purposeless as it is perilous?" Some of us will inevitably feel that it is. Others, on the contrary, will remember the old Spanish saying which this reviewer has quoted before: That it is the search for treasure rather than treasure itself which makes life worthwhile. Those who belong to the latter school of thought will acknowledge a great debt of gratitude to an author who has given us so fresh and vital an interpretation of this wise and ancient proverb.

F. P. K.

Other Books Received

THE NEXT CENTURY IS AMERICA'S. Carroll Dean Murphy and Herbert V. Procknow. Greenberg, Inc., New York. \$2.50.

FIGHTING FOOLS. James E. Edmonds. D. Appleton-Century Company. New York. \$2.50.

★ NEWS ITEMS ★

Feature of the month . . .

Costume Celebrations



ASHMEAD CHAPTER, N.S.D.A.R., OF VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI, PICTURED AT A COLONIAL TEA

Ashmead Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Vicksburg, Mississippi, commemorated Washington's Birthday with a colonial tea, the hostesses, in costume, taking the parts of notable women of Revolutionary times: Mrs. Frank Artz as Mistress George Washington of Mount Vernon; Mrs. Nathaniel Hoggatt as Mistress Augustine Washington of Wakefield; Mrs. Sol Felner as Mistress Patrick Henry; Miss Mary Ellen Richards as Mistress Thomas Jefferson; Miss Evelyn Barbour as Mistress John Adams; Mrs. Victor Fletcher as Mistress Betsy Ross; Mrs. Louis Cashman as Mistress Samuel Ashmead; Mrs. William Cashman as Mistress Dolly Madison, and Mrs. Charles Dearing as Mistress Joshua Barstow.

Many of these ladies played the parts of their own ancestors, who were featured in the ages when the United States was being moulded about the nucleus of Thirteen Colonies for which the Revolution was fought. The tea girls, members of the Randolph Boone Society, Children of the American Revolution, represented Catherine Fairfax, Nellie Custis, Martha Monroe, and Mary Spottswood.

A colonial tea was recently given by the **Magnolia Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.,** in honor of the **Ralph Humphreys Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.,** both in Jackson, Mississippi. Many lovely costumes were worn by the participants.

Anniversary Celebrations

The one hundred fiftieth anniversary of Pennsylvania's ratification of the Constitution of the United States was recently observed in Lancaster, with a memorial service by the **Donegal Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.** Five men who ratified the Constitution and one who was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention, who are buried in Lancaster, were honored. The five ratifiers were Jasper Yeates, jurist; Lieut. Stephen Chambers and Lieut. Robert Coleman; Sebastian Graf, Moravian leader; John Hubley. The delegate was Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg. Muhlenberg was chosen President of the Convention.

Revolutionary markers have been placed on all the graves and each grave was marked by a wreath. The entire program was arranged by Mrs. Charles M. Coldren and Mrs. Harry B. Gall.

At the forty-fourth anniversary dinner of the **General de Lafayette Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.,** of Lafayette, Indiana, the chapter was presented with a framed sepia portrait of Mrs. Robert Stockwell Hatcher, an early leader in the National Society. She served the state as Vice Regent and was Organizing Regent of General de Lafayette Chapter, the first in Indiana, before serving the National Society as Vice President General, Assistant Historian General, and Corresponding Secretary General.



MRS. S. J. TAUL, THE REGENT OF THE ALEXANDER DONIPHAN CHAPTER, N.S.D.A.R., OF LIBERTY, MISSOURI, PICTURED WITH THE GROUP OF CHILDREN WHO DANCED THE MINUET IN COLONIAL COSTUMES AT THE ANNUAL DINNER FOR HUSBANDS AND GUESTS



THE MEMBERS OF THE WARRENSBURG CHAPTER, N.S.D.A.R., OF WARRENSBURG, MISSOURI, PICTURED AT A RECENT COSTUME TEA PARTY. THE PARTY WAS HELD AT THE HOME OF THE REGENT, MRS. J. C. HOLLYMAN



MEMBERS OF THE MARY BALL CHAPTER, N.S.D.A.R., OF TACOMA, WASHINGTON, PICTURED AT A PIONEER LUNCHEON COMMEMORATING THE WHITMAN-SPALDING CENTENNIAL AND "PIONEERS OF OLD OREGON." COSTUMES, CURIOS, CHINA, AND SILVER CREATED ATMOSPHERE FOR THE APPROPRIATE CEREMONY AND MEMORIAL SERVICE



MEMBERS OF THE ELIZABETH BENTON CHAPTER, N.S.D.A.R., OF KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, CELEBRATING GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY WITH A COLONIAL TEA. ELIZABETH BENTON IS THE OLDEST CHAPTER IN MISSOURI



MEMBERS OF THE JOHN BELL CHAPTER, N.S.D.A.R., OF MADISON, WISCONSIN, WHO PARTICIPATED IN THE WASHINGTON DAY LUNCHEON, HELD BY THE CHAPTER, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH



ON ITS GUEST DAY, HANNAH WINTHROP CHAPTER, N.S.D.A.R., OF CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, PRESENTED AN UNIQUE PROGRAM ENTITLED "A POST OFFICE OF LONG AGO." THE MEMBERS POSTED OLD LETTERS WHICH WERE FAMILY TREASURES, AND LATER RECEIVED AND READ THEM ALOUD. INCLUDED IN THIS MAIL WERE LETTERS FROM HANNAH WINTHROP, SAMUEL MORSE, AND JARED SPARKS. A LETTER WRITTEN FROM VALLEY FORGE, SEVERAL CENTURY-OLD LOVE LETTERS, AND THRILLING LETTERS OF THE CIVIL WAR WERE ALSO AMONG THOSE RECEIVED AND READ

Kindergarten Work

The first public kindergarten in the state of Indiana was opened in Winchester by Miss Belle Edger. In tribute to Miss Edger, who is a charter member of the **Winchester Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Winchester, Indiana, a portion of a recent meeting was devoted to a history of her life. Miss Edger's life has been synonymous with child welfare and progressive education in Winchester.

She started a private kindergarten in 1881 in one of the rooms of her home. With an assistant, she called for the children and took them home. For ten years this kindergarten flourished; it was incorporated with the public schools in 1891.

Dedication of Markers

Eve Lear Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of New Haven, Connecticut, as its contribution to New Haven's Tercentenary, and to honor the Reverend John Davenport, leader of the first settlers to organize the New Haven Colony, unveiled a bronze tablet, which has been placed on the facade of the Benedict Memorial Church, the site formerly occupied by the Davenport homestead.

This church was erected by the late Mrs. Helen Piper Benedict-Manson, the organizing regent of this chapter which bears the name of her great grandmother, Eve Lear, wife of Colonel George Piper of the Tenth Pennsylvania Regiment which served in the Revolutionary War.

The dedication was made by Mrs. Harry Eaton Stewart, Regent, and the unveiling was performed by Master Babbitt, son of Professor Theodore Babbitt, of Yale University, and Mrs. Babbitt, who is a direct descendant of John Davenport. Several other descendants were guests of honor at the exercises.

The Elizabeth Ludington Hagans Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Morgantown,

West Virginia, has recently placed a large native boulder, with bronze tablet imbedded, on the Court House Square at Morgantown, to honor Revolutionary soldiers.

A granite marker, with bronze tablet imbedded, was placed by the chapter on the site of the old Kerns Fort in Morgantown, a part of the fort still remaining in a house on the site.

The Susan B. Anthony Memorial Committee has announced the dedication of a California big tree (*Sequoia gigantea*) to the memory of Miss Anthony, the "Emancipator of Women," in Sequoia National Park on June 26th. Permission was given the committee to dedicate a tree to Miss Anthony in a National Park by the Department of the Interior in recognition of the national significance of her life and achievements.

A marker has recently been unveiled by the **Franklin County Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, in memory of the Organizing Regent, Miss Christine King. Miss King organized the chapter in 1919 at her home in Chambersburg.

The marker was unveiled by her niece, Miss Alice Heyser, the Ritual was read by the Regent, Mrs. Percy D. Hoover, a sketch was read by Mrs. A. W. Thrush, and prayer was offered by the Chaplain, Mrs. D. B. Fretz.

Manhattan Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Manhattan, New York, has placed a lay marker on the grave of Mrs. Mary Eggleston Cushman Dart in the Albany Rural Cemetery of Albany. Mrs. Dart was an active member of the chapter for many years, serving in several capacities, including that of Vice Regent, and as President of the **West Point Society**, Children of the American Revolution. The marker was dedicated with appropriate exercises conducted by Mrs. Milton A. Bridges, Regent.

STATE CONFERENCES

NEVADA

THE membership of the Daughters of American Revolution in Nevada is too small to permit a prolonged session at the Annual State Conference. However, what is lacking in numbers is made up in enthusiasm and sincerity of purpose. Such was the case, when the State Regent, Mrs. Elmer M. Boyne, called the members together for the Twelfth Annual Conference, at her home, on March 9, 1938.

Devotional exercises were conducted by State Chaplain, Mrs. W. E. Gould.

Greetings, by telegraph, from our President General, Mrs. Wm. A. Becker, were greatly appreciated. Mrs. Becker's visit, in 1937, to our somewhat isolated organization, consisting of a single chapter, has resulted in deeper understanding of our problems by the National Society.

The reports of the State Officers and the State Chairmen of National Committees, all of whom have done splendid work, took up the afternoon.

Nevada Sagebrush Chapter paid the expenses of two Girl Home Makers to camp last year, and will do the same this year.

Plans were completed to send Lenore Robison of Overton, Nevada, the winner of the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage, to Washington. This required a great deal of time and effort, as Overton is 530 miles from Reno, and without direct telegraphic communication. Mesdames Dawson and Gardiner handled the matter most expeditiously, and deserve unstinted praise for their work.

The outstanding report was made by Mrs. Thad Holcomb, Chairman of American Indians. Her keen interest, sympathy, and understanding, as well as her willingness to work, are assets in this field, where there is much work, very close at hand, to be done.

The report of the State Regent showed that there is an awakening interest in other

parts of the state. It is hoped that there may be other Chapters organized soon, and D. A. R. activities increased, thereby.

The following officers were elected:

State Regent Mrs. Thrulow Douglas
State Vice-Regent Mrs. W. J. Atkinson
State Treasurer Mrs. Elmer Boyne
State Chaplain Mrs. Thad Holcomb
State Historian Mrs. J. L. Silveria
State Librarian Miss Ellen Prince Hawkins

A vote of thanks was given to the Retiring State Regent for her devotion to her work during the first three-year term.

ALICE BALTZELLE ADDENBROOKE,
Nevada State Historian.

ARKANSAS

THE Thirtieth Annual State Conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution opened the morning of the fourteenth of March with the John McAlmont and the Pine Bluff chapters as hostesses.

The State Regent, Mrs. Homer Fergus Sloan, and the Organizing Secretary General, Mrs. William H. Pouch, arrived Sunday afternoon, the thirteenth, and were entertained by Mrs. Walter Cole Hudson, Honorary State Vice Regent, in the evening.

All sessions of the Conference were held at the Hotel Pines. Registrations began at nine o'clock Monday morning. Business sessions were held in the ball room, which was attractively arranged for the occasion and simply, but tastefully decorated with ferns and flowers from the gardens of the local members.

The highlight of the Conference was the visit of the President General, Mrs. William A. Becker, who arrived Monday morning. We found her a most charming guest, a calm, intelligent leader, and a happy, responsive human being.

After the State Board of Management meeting at 10:30 o'clock, the two local chapters were hostesses at luncheon, honor-

ing Mrs. Becker and Mrs. Pouch. All officers and delegates were guests. Mrs. William A. Taggart, State Program Chairman, presided.

Among other distinguished guests were Mrs. Walter Mack Berry of Memphis, Tennessee, Regent of the Watauga Chapter, incoming State Regent of Tennessee and ex-President of the Tennessee United States Daughters of 1812, and Mrs. Rutledge Smith of Nashville, present Regent of that state.

The tables were attractively decorated by Mrs. Lillian Mohler and her committee with handmade baskets of blue, filled with white iris and daffodils. In the center of each basket were the letters "D. A. R." in silver. The windows and walls were festooned with southern smilax.

The distinguished guests were introduced and were most gracious in their responses. After which they were entertained by some of Pine Bluff's choice musicians.

At three o'clock the assembly call was given by Herman Steck and Charles Slaughter, buglers, who wore their Scout uniforms. The entrance march, "Triumphal March" from "Aida" by Verdi, was played by the Pine Bluff High School Band under the direction of R. B. Watson for the impressive processional, and the Conference was called to order by the State Regent, Mrs. Homer Fergus Sloan.

After the invocation, Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, the National Anthem, and the American's Creed, Mrs. M. L. Reinberger, Regent Elect of the Pine Bluff Chapter, introduced the speakers of the afternoon.

Mrs. William T. Lowe, Regent of the John McAlmont Chapter, extended greetings from the hostess chapters; Mayor James P. McCaughy brought greetings from the city; Mrs. E. W. Freeman, State President of the Daughters of 1812, from the patriotic societies and the civic clubs, and George Merkel, from the Chamber of Commerce. Mrs. Charles Henry Miller, State Vice Regent, D. A. R., responded to the greetings.

Miss Lucyhearn Broadstreet, soprano, accompanied by Mrs. J. Bascom Bassett, sang "Trees," after which Mrs. Sloan introduced Mrs. William A. Becker, Presi-

dent General, who delivered a most interesting and enlightening address, which completely captivated her audience. Her address was based on these words: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that buildeth. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

The Officers' Club Dinner was held in the hotel dining room at six-thirty, and was one of the most colorful affairs of the Conference. Mrs. Samuel Preston Davis, President, presided, and gave her speech on "Old Williamsburg." This was followed by a vocal solo, "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," from "Bohemian Girl" by Balfe, sung by Mrs. D. Thomas Sheffield, accompanied by Mrs. Oliver William Clark.

Conference was called to order Tuesday morning at nine o'clock, with Mrs. Sloan in the Chair. After the preliminary exercises and reading of the minutes, by Mrs. Philip F. Crutcher, State Recording Secretary, a sextet, composed of several popular vocalists of Pine Bluff, sang "Come to the Fair" by Easthope-Martin, accompanied by Mrs. Clark.

At noon an elaborately appointed buffet luncheon was served in the Gold Room on the mezzanine floor of the hotel.

The large round table was laid with a linen and lace imported cloth, centered with a beautiful arrangement of iris, gladioli, tulips and narcissi, with crystal candelabra holding yellow tapers. The two regents presided at the table and were assisted in serving by representatives from each chapter.

The Memorial Service, conducted by Mrs. Frank Gerig, State Chaplain, was impressive. The State Regent lighted a candle in memory of Mrs. William F. Lake, Hot Springs Regent, who served the Arkansas Society as Recording Secretary, Treasurer, and Regent of the Hot Springs of Arkansas Chapter. Miss Lucyhearn Broadstreet sang "God Shall Wipe Away All Tears."

Mrs. Edmond Wroe Freeman, State President, United States Daughters of 1812, entertained at a tea for all D. A. R. officers and members. The house party was composed of members of the Simon Bradford Chapter, of Pine Bluff, U. S. D. 1812.

The entire lower floor of the spacious Freeman home was beautifully decorated with the season's choicest flowers: iris, lilacs, gladioli, snapdragons and Easter lilies. A hundred guests called during the afternoon.

At 6:30, a candlelight supper was enjoyed in the main dining room of the hotel. Mrs. Sloan presided. Bringing to mind the splendid work of the D. A. R. Society through their Good Citizenship clubs was the program. Mrs. Sloan introduced Mrs. Charles H. Miller, state chairman of the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage, who talked on the work of the organization in this field. Mrs. Sloan then introduced Mrs. Eretta K. Butts, who as regent of the John McAlmont chapter last year, organized a J. A. C. club among young boys at the Arkansas Industrial School. Mrs. Butts is also State Vice Chairman of the Junior American Citizens committee. She introduced Dr. J. C. Dawson, superintendent of the school. With Dr. Dawson were two boys from the school who have taken an active part in organizing and building the club at the school.

The early evening was spent with representatives of the Children of the American Revolution and Chapter Regents, after which all who wished drove out to the Airport Club and enjoyed the ball for the pages.

Mrs. Archie Knox Miller was chairman of the ball, and Mrs. Maurice L. Reinberger was chairman of pages. Mrs. Reinberger presented each page with a colonial bouquet and Mrs. Miller, boutonnières to the boys.

A reception was held in the lounge of the club preceding the dance. The lounge, ball room, and sun porch were elaborately decorated for the occasion. Nell Oaks, page for the Pine Bluff Chapter, and Mary Lena Lowe, one of Mrs. Sloan's pages, accepted the cards at the door. Receiving the guests were Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Reinberger, the out-of-town pages and five of the Pine Bluff pages.

Lynn Crutcher, page to the President General and her escort, Roy Bryant, led the Grand March which was held at 10:30.

Wednesday morning, after preliminary exercises, ballots were cast for officers. Final reports were read, and the new offi-

cers were confirmed by Mrs. Davis M. Biggs, in the absence of the State Chaplain, Mrs. Frank Gerig.

Mrs. Samuel Preston Davis, president of the Officers' Club presented the Society with a beautiful National Flag, and Mrs. Charles Rendleman, through the Club presented the Society with a D. A. R. Banner. Mrs. Sloan accepted both the Flag and the Banner with deepest appreciation from the Arkansas Society and thanked both Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Rendleman for the beautiful gifts.

Mrs. Sloan requested Miss Willie Hocker from Wabbaseka, an honored member of the Pine Bluff Chapter, to stand with the Arkansas Flag, and asked that a picture be made of her and the flag for the State Annual. Arkansas is proud of Miss Hocker not only because she designed our flag, but because of her true worth as a woman and a citizen.

Three chapters made the Honor Roll: The Jonesboro Chapter, General Henry Lee Chapter of Lake Village, and the Pine Bluff Chapter, Pine Bluff, the Pine Bluff Chapter being the banner chapter.

Mrs. Sloan was presented with many beautiful and valuable gifts from appreciative, devoted daughters in the Society. She has accomplished much for the Arkansas D. A. R. during her regency the past two years. She was elected unanimously to be Honorary State Regent upon the confirmation of the new State Regent.

The Assemblage sang "Blest Be the Tie That Binds", and the Conference adjourned to meet in Hot Springs during the period between February 22 and March 15, 1939, with the Hot Springs of Arkansas chapter as hostess, and the chapters at Malvern and Arkadelphia as co-hostesses.

THEOLA HUNTER CRUTCHER,
State Recording Secretary.

IOWA

THE thirty-ninth annual conference of the Iowa Daughters of the American Revolution was held at the Roosevelt Hotel in Cedar Rapids on March 24, 25, and 26 with Ashley and Mayflower Chapters of Cedar

Rapids, acting as hostesses, and the State Regent, Mrs. Imogene B. Emery presiding at all sessions. Mrs. Robert H. I. Johnson served as Parliamentarian. Among honored guests at the conference were Mrs. William A. Becker, of Summit, New Jersey, President General; Mrs. William H. Pouch of New York City, Organizing Secretary General and National President of the Children of the American Revolution; and Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson of Winnetka, Illinois, National Chairman of the Committee on National Defense through patriotic education.

The eve of the conference was marked by a dinner party on Wednesday evening, at which Mrs. Imogene B. Emery of Cedar Rapids, State Regent, entertained at the Roosevelt Hotel. The guest list included members of the State Executive Board. At 12:00 noon on Thursday, a delightful luncheon honoring the State officers, Past State Regents and Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson was given in the Florentine Room by chapter officers of Ashley and Mayflower Chapters of Cedar Rapids, Balliet Chapter of Mt. Vernon and Marion Linn Chapter of Marion.

At 1:30 P. M. in the Roosevelt Room a Board Meeting was held at which much important business was discussed and concluded. Following a brief intermission, the Processional March, in response to the Bugle Call was led by a group of charming pages who escorted guests and state officers to the platform, and the formal opening of the conference was conducted by the State Regent, Mrs. Imogene B. Emery. The Flag Processional with the Color Bearers supporting the National Colors, the Iowa State Flag, and the D. A. R. Flag was a colorful prelude to each session.

Welcome addresses, presentation of Hostess Regents and greetings from the Chamber of Commerce were followed by reports of committees and roll call of regents. Each regent in a two-minute speech gave the outstanding accomplishment of her chapter work for the year, a very interesting and informing series of reports which showed that all chapters are cooperating in the general program of the National Administration.

A gold medal, in appreciation of her good citizenship was presented to Miss Marie

Kibler, a member of the senior class at Wilson High School. The presentation was made by Miss Marjorie Walters on behalf of the Ashley and Mayflower Chapters of Linn County. Miss Kibler placed first in Linn County and third in the state pilgrimage award contest.

At 4:30 P. M. the conference paused to conduct a memorial service for members who have passed on during the last year. A special tribute was paid to the memory of Mrs. John P. Dolliver of Fort Dodge, past Historian General of D. A. R. Mrs. Dolliver was a Charter Member of the Fort Dodge Chapter and its first regent. The service closed with the sounding of "taps."

Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson of Winnetka, Illinois, was the principal speaker at a program Thursday at 8:15 P. M. in the Roosevelt Room. Her subject was "The Road to Peace," and she addressed a large group assembled for the guest night program, including D. A. R. members, their guests, members of the Linn County Bar Association and heads of the patriotic organizations of the city.

A new departure this year was the Round Table Discussions at which State Officers presided. Chapter officers attending their especial group, found much help and inspiration to carry on the work for the ensuing year. At 10:00 Mrs. Sisson continued in an Open Forum of the conference, her discussion of the communism menace mentioned in her address on "The Road to Peace" given Thursday night.

At the meeting of the Junior Group composed of the younger members of the D. A. R. Mrs. L. W. Kimberly of Iowa City was elected State Chairman for the coming year. This Junior Group of Iowa are most active and enthusiastic. Their special project is sponsoring a four-year college course for a Tamassee girl at Iowa State College at Ames, Iowa. Vivian Freeman is a freshman Home Economics student there and the Group reported that they have already earned enough money to pay for her second year of college work. Miss Freeman was present at all sessions of the conference and members enjoyed visiting with her about her work at Tamassee and her college life and work at Iowa State.

The Chairman of the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage announced the winner for this

year to be Miss Lois Johnson of Des Moines, who most gracefully acknowledged the introduction and spoke grateful words of appreciation for the honor conferred upon her.

Mrs. Clyde E. Brenton of Des Moines, immediate past State Regent of Iowa D. A. R., was elected president of the Past Officers Club at a luncheon meeting, Friday in the Florentine Room of the Roosevelt.

Just before adjournment of the afternoon session Mrs. William A. Becker, our President General, and Mrs. William H. Pouch, Organizing Secretary General, arrived and were enthusiastically welcomed. After the retiring of the colors, the conference adjourned to the Mezzanine Floor where a most charming Informal Tea, honoring National and State Officers, was enjoyed by the four hundred registered delegates and members.

Preceding the evening session was a banquet presided over by the State Regent, Mrs. Emery. This was a brilliant affair attended by three hundred twenty-six D. A. R. members, National and State officers, and members of the S. A. R.

The evening session was an interesting and colorful event with Mrs. Emery presiding. The winners of Patriotic Pilgrimage to Washington for the past three years, this year's winner and Vivian Freeman, the Tamasee scholar sponsored by the Junior Group, were presented. An heirloom flag which is believed to be one hundred fifty years old was presented to the D. A. R. by Mrs. L. C. Abbott of Marshalltown. It is

in a remarkable state of preservation and is to be framed under glass and placed in the Iowa Room in Memorial Continental Hall at Washington, D. C.

The highlight of the evening came when Mrs. Emery in a most charming speech presented Mrs. William A. Becker, President General, who in a most brilliant manner spoke on "Youth."

Following the Saturday Morning Breakfast in honor of distinguished guests a Junior Assembly was held when Mrs. Pouch addressed them on the work of the Junior Group membership.

A demonstration of the "Toy Library" by the Mayflower Chapter, D. A. R., proved most interesting. Through this "library" children of the Community House district may borrow toys as they would books in a book library.

The final business sessions were occupied with election of officers, report of Resolutions Committee, the unanimous endorsement of the candidacy of Mrs. Robert H. S. Johnson for the office of Vice-President General, and the introduction of the new officers.

The conference accepted the invitation of the City of Des Moines for the 1939 meeting.

Mrs. Emery took a gracious farewell of the conference, the assemblage sang "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," the colors were retired and the 39th Annual State Conference was adjourned.

GLADYS S. HULL,
State Historian.

Simple Things

BY DOROTHY LAVENIA ORR

*I love the simple things in life
That stand for peace and not for strife—
The stillness of the falling snow,
The western sunset's rosy glow.
The happy laughter of a child*

*Still makes my heart feel meek and mild.
A friend's true love will mean much more
Than all that fame can have in store.
For these are rocks on which to build
A House of Joy, with hands unskilled.*

Junior

Concord, New Hampshire

JUNIOR Membership of the Rumford Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was formed with seven members on November 20, 1935. Since organization, membership has increased to twenty. Meetings are held at the homes of the members every three weeks.

One group of Junior American Citizens was organized in March, 1936. Meetings of the group are held every two weeks at which information on the flag, constitution, and patriotic subjects are discussed. The program is varied by one or two parties and a picnic in the spring.

One of the other projects has been the purchasing of flags for rooms in the local schools. We have replaced or furnished seven flags for the grammar schools.

Our chief means of earning money has been the bridge parties—three public and three private. Now we feel quite proud of the balance in our treasury of eighty dollars.

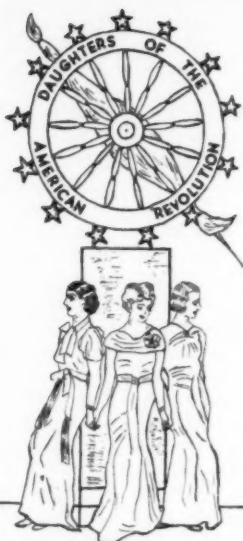
We have enjoyed several dinner meetings with state officers as our guest speakers and we have had a few speakers at regular evening meetings. Our annual meeting in 1937 was in the form of a progressive dinner which was most successful. We have had several outings—including swimming, hiking, and coasting.

We are hoping that other Junior membership groups will be formed in the state. Our group is very active and we all enjoy working and playing together for the good of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

MARY LOUISE FERNALD,
Chairman, Junior Membership.

Pensacola, Florida

On May 25th, 1936, through the efforts of the Pensacola Chapter, D. A. R., our



JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Membership

Junior Group came into being with seven original members.

The interest and enthusiasm of those members is largely responsible for the progress and growth of our group. On May 25th the following year, our number was twenty-one and as that day approaches for 1938 there are thirty-one of us, not including one associate member and quite a few, very interested prospective ones.

Outstanding among our group's activities is our

Christmas Charity wherein we have taken as our own responsibility, providing 1700 needy children with toys, candy and sweaters. Before we finish on Christmas Eve, we have found ourselves many times on the verge of tears before the humbleness and appreciation shown for the little we were able to do.

Right now we are looking forward most pleasantly to a visit from a very important Junior—Mrs. E. A. Blowers who is Secretary of the Junior Assembly this year.

With one of our group members, Mrs. Hill, as State Junior Membership Chairman, and another to be a Page at Continental Congress, we feel that we have accomplished quite a bit with less than two years growth. This will be Miss McMillan's second year as Page and if her stories of that wonderful Congress equal those of last year, it will indeed be an interesting meeting we'll be having in May.

BETTY J. MOSELEY,
Chairman, Jr. D. A. R.

Peoria, Illinois

Illinois, which now boasts several Junior Groups, saw the inauguration of its third Group when the young women of Peoria Chapter, D. A. R. organized last June, choosing for their executive chairman, Miss

Evelyn Maleham, who has since become Mrs. Joseph Bower.

At first representing only a membership of a dozen or so earnest and interested young women of patriotic ancestry, the Group has developed rapidly with each meeting. Among its numbers are young housewives, schoolteachers, a social worker, a Girl Scout leader, a free lance writer, a busy secretary. The question was: how to resolve the general project, as well as minor ones into activities which would seem worthwhile and stimulating to every member? A consensus of opinion revealed the fact that the Junior Group of Peoria wanted not only to aid their Seniors and to assist in the progress of such excellent State projects as the Lincoln Monument on the Illinois River, and such national projects as approved schools, but to serve locally in that place where it is said "Charity begins." Having discovered a dearth of patriotic teaching in the public schools, the Juniors discussed the possibility of giving chapel talks on patriotism; increasing the knowledge of school children concerning the fundamentals of Democracy and working among the foreign youngsters who know so little of American symbols. Later, came a deep sense of shock at the inroads of Communistic propaganda all over the country (and more especially in their own state and Chicago) and the determination to work toward the uprooting of Red propaganda, no matter how disguised, incipient or insidious.

This project, having been barely begun (they have heard two lectures on the subject at their meetings and have set out a course of study for themselves) cannot be said to have developed as yet. Yet the Group is forcefully alive to the problem and even that is a step forward at a time when Democracy is being seriously threatened.

Of their accomplishments to date, the newborn Group is proud; they have mailed three boxes to mountain schools; started Ellis Island work, given a most successful Lincoln Day bridge party to found a Treasury; made arrangements for a large silk flag to be presented to the Senior Chapter on Flag Day; and begun the study of subversive agitation.

Their meetings are held in private homes, by the alphabetical routine method and they have with them as guests and guides, their permanent advisor, Peoria's present Regent, Mrs. Loyal C. Tillotson; a member of the State Committee, Mrs. Ernest East. Besides Miss Maleham, those active in forming the Group were Mrs. John Wansbrough, Mrs. Paul Foley, Miss Helen Nance, Mrs. John Roth, Jr. and Mrs. Elmer Jacques Bloom. Of these, Mrs. Wansbrough is the descendant of a Lieutenant in New Jersey; Miss Nance comes from Reuben Nance of Virginia and is at present engaged upon an M. A. thesis entitled "The Plymouth Colony"; young Mrs. Roth descends from the Massachusetts soldier, Jonathan Morris; and Mrs. Bloom (Marista Dodge Howland) is a poet and free lance writer of the literary Dodge clan, who descends from seventeen Revolutionary lines, some of them officers, but who chose as her entering line that of Lemuel Dill, romantic little Boston drummer-boy of the Revolution. (Mrs. Bloom, who is also a lecturer, made her first public appearance at the age of ten when Mrs. Frank Ellison, former State Regent of Massachusetts, requested her mother, a Massachusetts regent, to allow the child to read an original patriotic poem, "My Country" at a State Conference in Tremont Temple, Boston.

Of such stuff is the Peoria Junior Group fashioned, and by the continuance of zeal, they hope to swell their numbers until they become a constructive and significant bulwark of the Senior Chapter.

This Group has the distinction of having received the silver spoon presented by Mrs. Pouch to the mother of the first baby born to an Illinois Junior after June 1, 1937. Our baby is Roger Dean Shafer, born to Mrs. A. N. Shafer November 25, 1937, and the spoon was presented at the Colonial Party February 22, 1938.

Pittsburgh Chapter

In the fall of 1934 eleven girls met at the home of Mrs. John E. Nelson, Regent, Pittsburgh Chapter, to discuss organizing a Junior Society. It was spring of 1935, however, before our first meeting as an or-

ganized junior chapter. Since then, the number of Juniors has grown from eleven to nearly sixty.

From the very first, one of our chief duties and pleasures has been serving at Senior Chapter functions as aides. In addition, we have undertaken many projects of interest.

In 1936 we originated the idea of sending birthday cards, bearing the Society's seal and a greeting, to all children on the Cradle Roll of the Pittsburgh Chapter. For Christmas we dressed and sent dolls to Crossnore School. We also entertained members of nearby chapters at a tea. The Pittsburgh Juniors captured the state prize of \$100.00 for the largest number of new members in 1936.

To date, 1937-1938 has been the most active year in our history. We made a good start by rolling bandages for one of the city hospitals. In October we celebrated the 150th anniversary of the making of the Constitution by a special meet-

ing at which speakers of prominence talked to us. One of our girls has helped immigrants with their naturalization papers at the American Citizenship League. In December we were hostesses at a meeting to which members of the Junior Sons of the American Revolution were invited. A "G-man" gave us an interesting talk at this time. Tamasee School has been the object of our gifts during the year. For the first time we have a scrap book of information about our members, a monthly News Letter, and a program card outlining our year's plans.

In all of our work we have been helped by the faith and loyalty of our Chapter's best friend, Mrs. Nelson. Without her assistance and unfailing kindness, our Chapter would never have progressed. We have thus learned the pride and pleasure of being Junior Daughters and the responsibility that is ours for the future.

MARIA COUFFER,
Chairman.

"Again Large, Still Growing"

The History of a Junior Group

MARY HAWLEY PERRY

(Honorable Mention (\$1.00) Junior D. A. R. Contest)

PICTURE, if you will, a chapter once very large, becoming smaller and smaller with deaths, resignations and transfers of the members, until it was becoming a small group with only a few women to carry on the projects of the state and national requirements. Many members were not well enough to do their part of the work. The chapter did many of the things it had done, but not as much in the past nor as much as it could if it had not lost so many members. Many women moving into the city joined other organizations because the younger women were in those organizations. Most of the young women belonged to a P. E. O. chapter, A. A. U. W. branch, Business and Professional Clubs, sororities and others.

The South Dakota state conference was held in September, 1937 in Vermillion, and

Mrs. Harper Donelson Sheppard, State Regent of the Pennsylvania D. A. R., was the honored guest. She was the real inspiration and cause of the Junior Group being formed.

With her flashing smile she told the young women she met at the conference that they should form a Junior Group. She urged them to start "right away". She explained that young women need to be thrown together to work for the N. S. D. A. R. in their own group and in "Their Own Way". Mrs. Sheppard graciously gave the impetus, the information about forming, and that warm part of herself that was to carry the young women over the hard bumps of mere drudgery of hours of telephoning, interviewing and planning.

Mrs. Sheppard talked with Mrs. Mark

Wheeler, regent of Mary Chilton Chapter, Sioux Falls, S. D., and Miss Mary Hawley Perry, state press chairman. To these two young women she explained that one Junior Group in the state would soon start others.

On reaching home after the conference the two women pondered a long time as to the ways and means of organizing. Because of her many pressing home duties and other state work, Mrs. Herman G. Hauff, Brookings, who had been the state chairman of the Junior Groups in South Dakota resigned. Miss Perry was appointed to fill her place as Junior Group chairman in the state. Miss Perry then asked Mrs. A. C. Thompson, a former C. A. R. of Aberdeen, to be the organizing chairman for the Junior Group in Sioux Falls and Mrs. Kinsley A. Smith of Deadwood, South Dakota, to be the organizing chairman of the Black Hills.

In Sioux Falls, Mrs. Thompson and Miss Perry with Mrs. Wheeler, listed the names of the girls who had been C. A. R., or were daughters of the S. A. R. or D. A. R. in the city. The girls were called, first, to find out if they were interested, second, if they were eligible, and third, if they knew anyone who might be interested and eligible.

On Dec. 13, 1937, the first meeting was held at the home of Miss Perry, which was the first of its kind in the state. This was an informal meeting in the evening with Mrs. J. B. Vaughn, State Regent of the South Dakota D. A. R., present. Mrs. Vaughn had known about the plans and had given them her earnest approval and help. That evening she addressed the group on "Ways and Means of Becoming Members". She explained how the Junior Group would be a separate organization

under the chapter, state and national. Mrs. Vaughn had known what her kind friend, Mrs. Sheppard, had told the young women, and backed everything that was planned for the Junior Groups. In fact, she made it her big issue in her state work.

Mary Chilton Chapter in the January meeting gave the young women of the locality sponsorship in forming the Junior Group, and invited the young women to become members of the chapter.

The second meeting of the Junior Group was a luncheon on Jan. 18th. Mrs. Astor Blauvelt became the official sponsor and the "mother" of the Sioux Falls Junior Group of D. A. R. At the luncheon she addressed the girls on "What the D. A. R. Means To Me". The luncheon was successful as the girls became better acquainted with the ideas and ideals of the D. A. R.

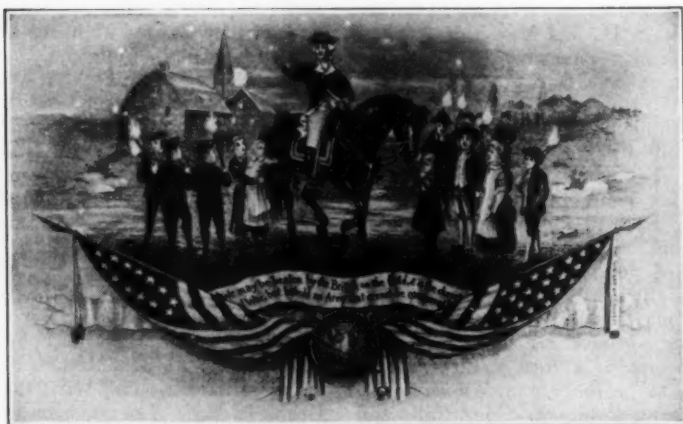
Over a cup of tea on Feb. 5th the Juniors formed their plans for the luncheon to be given on March 24th in honor of Mrs. William Pouch, who is to be the guest of honor along with Mrs. William Becker, at the time of the state conference in Sioux Falls.

The Junior Group is now fully organized with 22 young women, who are interested and eligible. There are many more who will have to ascertain their eligibility before they can join. The Junior Group has achieved the hardest part of the process of growing. Criticism has been good for the Group, and the difficulties have made the young women aware of their short-comings. The Group stands as a living tribute to the very-much alive Mrs. Sheppard. If we can do honors to her, they will be satisfied.

The chapter is again large, and still growing!

In Memoriam

Mrs. Otto H. Tittmann, a charter member of the National Society, died on February 15, 1938. She served as Treasurer General in 1892 and as Vice President General in 1893, and was a member of the Mary Washington Chapter of Washington, D. C.



REPRODUCTION OF THE EMBLEM APPEARING ON THE CHARTER OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY, CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

The William Dawes Society, Children of the American Revolution

STARTLING things have come to pass in Evanston, home of William Dawes Society of the Children of the American Revolution, which is supervised by the Fort Dearborn Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Since the beginning of the club year, in the fall of 1937, under the direction of Mrs. Thomas C. Gray, 2143 Lincolnwood Drive, the C. A. R. society has grown from twelve active members, until now—in just seven months—it has attained the flourishing count of seventy-two. Of this number, thirty-nine have become full-fledged members. Twenty have sent their papers to Washington headquarters, and thirteen of these have been accepted.

The society is composed of three groups; a Junior group—thirty-one little tots; a Senior group—twenty-three children between the ages of eleven and thirteen; and a Super-Senior group of eighteen older boys and girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty.

An interesting fact is that the boys decidedly outnumber the girls and they are

more active in the planning and execution of programs.

Each group has its president, vice-president, secretary and color bearer. The two older groups have their own program committees. Mrs. Gray, the society's president, supervises all meetings. She is assisted by her committee, which is composed of Mrs. Kenneth W. DeGarmo, Mrs. Tracy Howard Kay, Mrs. Gordon Graham, Mrs. James F. Spoerri and Mrs. George J. Reeling.

Meetings consist of one hour of business and patriotic program, followed by a social hour.

In the group's ranks, three reinstatements have occurred during the year. Three transfers have been made and application has been made for three more transfers. Five young women from the C. A. R. have been accepted in the D. A. R., Fort Dearborn Chapter, and one has been made a member of a D. A. R. chapter in Los Angeles, California.

In the line of philanthropic work, local and national charities have received the at-



Courtesy Daily News Index, Evanston

OFFICERS OF THE SUPER-SENIOR GROUP, WILLIAM DAWES CHAPTER, C. A. R.

tention of William Dawes young patriots. Thanksgiving baskets were given to needy families in Evanston, and at Christmas time, discarded but good toys were donated to children who might otherwise have had a very dreary day. Carr Creek Settlement school in Kentucky received a gift of five dollars. Now, the chapter is donating four dollars from its treasury to buy one thousand Penny Pines to be planted as a reforestation project in southern Illinois, in

what is known as the Shawnee district. This pine forest, to be given in the name of the William Dawes Society, will be the first contributed by any C. A. R. group.

The Penny Pines are being obtained through the regional headquarters of the Penny Pine project, located in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

LOUISE E. PAULLIN,
*Press relations chairman, Fort
Dearborn Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.*



ELISABETH MAY CRAIG

Contributors, Collaborators, and Critics

NO organization can hope for a more valuable collaborator than an able, sincere and zealous journalist who fearlessly tells the truth about its aims and activities; and when such a journalist not only takes a conscientious pride in making her own reports accurate, but also takes pains to counteract the accounts of journalists whose standards are less meticulous, she performs a public service, the value of which can hardly be overestimated.

I feel that the National Society is indebted to **Elisabeth May Craig**, Washington correspondent of a large chain of New England papers, for such a public service

and I believe that every Daughter who reads the following extracts from recent writings of hers will agree with me:

"The 47th annual Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, just closed, was the most interesting and worth-while Congress I have attended. The speakers were varied and excellent. President General Mrs. Becker made a stout and realistic address. President Roosevelt spoke to them. There was a large attendance: no energy was dissipated on a bitter presidential election, as so often happens in the D.A.R. . . .

"Most papers nowadays have a mixed subscription list, so they give both sides of a question. However, a close reader is horrified every now and then by the way news is twisted to a point of view. The other day I read an editorial which

purported to give factually, listed categorically, the 'grabs of power' made by President Roosevelt during his term of office. In the list was the power to raise or lower tariff rates 50 per cent. Now anybody who knows anything about this subject (and if you don't you ought not to make lists of facts) knows that the flexible tariff rate power was put into the Smoot-Hawley 1930 Tariff Act. Roosevelt was not elected until 1932.

"That bit of unfairness was in an anti-Roosevelt paper. But a day or two ago I picked up a copy of 'Labor,' the organ of the railroad brotherhoods. It is intensely pro-Roosevelt. It had a paragraph in its regular column of Washington comment. It said the Founding Fathers would have turned over in their graves during the annual meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution. It said the Daughters had asked 'ultra reactionaries' for speakers, except the President, and it said:

"The Daughters demanded plenty of money for the Army and Navy; but there wasn't a word of sympathy for the hungry unemployed."

"Now I complain about that statement. First place, the President is the one doing the original 'demanding' of money for Army and Navy, especially the Navy. Second place, there isn't anything wrong in believing in an Army and Navy. (Not that I think we need the super-Navy under discussion.) Third place, Mrs. Becker, President General of the D. A. R., in her formal speech, did speak of the hungry unemployed. She warned of the threat of hunger and unhappiness to the Republic. She said that we need not fear Communism and Fascism and Nazi-ism, unless our people have lost faith in this Government because it has not provided opportunity for everyone to make an honest living. You can get the speech, mimeographed."

More power to you, Elisabeth May! I have long recognized you as one of the sanest and most balanced members of our class; and I hope that each continental congress as it rolls around, will find you at the press table on the alert, as always, both for real news and for misstatements.

Along with these encouraging quotations from Mrs. Craig's columns, it seems appropriate to quote from some of the letters that have come to the editor's desk, for these are encouraging, too, and have not only cheered her during dark and dismal hours—of which editors have surprisingly many!—but have also spurred her on in her efforts to make the magazine better and better all the time. One correspondent says that it is: "Each month it seems to be more in-

teresting than the last," she writes. Others express themselves variously. For instance:

"Just an informal word about the Magazine! I am so proud of it—its whole tone and appearance have been improved. Your vision and imagination have put new life into it. I congratulate you!" . . .

Again, for instance:

"I have just this moment received my copy of the magazine, and to use an old-fashioned word: It is exquisite!

"We receive more than fourteen magazines each month (in our office), but nothing that compares with the 'National Historical Magazine.'!

"Please find enclosed a personal check for one dollar, for which please send me four copies of the current issue."

And again:

"I want also to tell you what a joy it is to receive the magazine. You have done so much in the short time you have had the responsibility of it. I feel the magazine has had a beauty treatment! Recognizable by the old features but younger and better looking and all dressed up!"

And yet again:

"I have been a subscriber of the Daughters of the American Revolution Magazine since 1924—and have found it a most interesting and profitable magazine, through these years. Ever since you have become editor, and especially, since the name has been changed to 'National Historical Magazine,' I cannot begin to tell you how much more I have enjoyed it, and how wonderful it has become.

"Each issue seems better than the last, and I feel sure it will take its place beside the National Geographic—at last I think we have a magazine which will appeal to the public and not just to Daughters. My husband has always been an ardent admirer of our magazine—but now is quite enthusiastic over the new name and the historical value of the contents.

"As State Chairman of our Good Citizenship Pilgrimage and as a Daughter, I wish to congratulate you and send to you my best wishes for your continued success as Editor."

Ruby Black's fine article, "Life in Scraps of Paper" published in the May issue, evoked a number of arresting fan letters. She has given me permission to quote from one of these, which contains several illuminating comments:

"My dear Miss Black:

"In your very interesting article 'Life in Scraps of Paper' in the National Historical Magazine for May, you ask if any of your readers could tell you just what 'Stood to Hay' meant in the quotation from Mr. Fossett's record. It is many years since I have heard or seen any reference to the expression, but I recall hearing it in my childhood, and it meant 'to eat.'

"I was born and reared in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, and many of the descendants of the very first settlers, of which I am one, have continued to live there. Naturally some of the expressions of earlier periods were handed down to succeeding generations.

"I was amused with your telling of the wicker covered demijohns, you had brought from the cellar and were using as decorations in your dining and drawing rooms. I remember seeing them in my young days, and they were used for storing liquids.

"I have lived in the West for nearly fifty years, with few trips to the East. Some utensils I was familiar with in the East are never seen in the West.

"In '26 I made a visit to Shippensburg, and called to see some old friends. To my surprise and amusement, I saw two or three battered brass preserving kettles conspicuously displayed in the parlor. Knowing the wife of one of the sons was quite an antique enthusiast, I understood.

"The kettles shone inside and out from the scouring given them. I remembered very vividly how my sister and I scoured our kettle with pewter sand and with salt and real vinegar, until our fingers were raw. That brass kettle was no ornament to us.

"How the mothers and grandmothers before me would laugh to see the brass kettles and demijohns displayed as works of art!

"I thoroughly enjoyed your article, and can see how much history and many biographies might be constructed from 'scraps of paper.'

"I hope to see more from your pen!"

The hope expressed in this letter, that the writer might see more material from Miss Black's pen, has already been fulfilled, to a certain extent, by the publication of "Our new 'Vices'" in the June number, which has also brought forth a favorable comment. But we all hope that we shall see more and more of Miss Black's work in the months to come.

We are still hearing reverberations from historic bells, of which we have caught the sense, even though denied the sound, ever since the short story entitled "Ave Maria" and the article entitled "The Gift of Bells"

came to this office. A copy of the address made by **Mrs. Leland Stanford Duxbury**, Historian General, N. S. D. A. R., on the occasion of the dedication of the Texas Bell at Valley Forge has reached this office within the last few days; and a quotation from it seems a beautiful and fitting complement to the quotation from the speech made on the same occasion by **Miss Marion Mullins**, State Regent of Texas, from which we quoted in this department last month:

"We are gathered today to dedicate the Texas Bell, the 38th in the great Carillon. Texas Daughters, your Historian General commends you for this crowning achievement. This bell, High C, is the fourth largest. While funds have been contributed from many sources for the Carillon, it is interesting to note that no one but D. A. R.'s have given money for this Texas Bell. Your Historian General also thanks you for the privilege of attending this dedication in her very first official capacity.

"When the Star Spangled Banner National Peace Chime was planned there were to be but thirteen bells but later more state bells have been added so that there will be forty-nine in all when completed.

"Records state that 10,000 patriots sang the National Anthem with the bells at the dedication, July 4, 1906.

"The first bell was given by Massachusetts Daughters and was named the 'Paul Revere Bell' in honor of that state's patriot bell caster. It is A sharp. The Pennsylvania Daughters gave the largest bell, note D; New York State gave the note E and the weight is 2500 pounds; Maryland comes next with F; Connecticut gave the note F sharp; Virginia Daughters gave A; New Hampshire bell weighs 750 pounds and the note is B; the New Jersey Daughters bell is F; Michigan, Vermont, North Carolina, Kentucky and Indiana State Bells have already been placed in the Tower. Other bells have been pledged but not placed as yet and some have been given by states and other organizations. Familiar tunes and hymns fill the air every hour on the hour from ten in the morning until sunset, when the National Anthem lulls the valley to rest."

And now to turn from quotations and make two announcements before closing this department. We will all be sorry, I know, to have "The Beauty of Belvoir" end, for this exquisite story, treating the great love of a great man with such infinite delicacy and tact, has caused widespread and enthusiastic comment. However, we have a worthy successor to it in the "Viking Cross" by **Kay Huntley** which begins in

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HELEN SIEBOLD WALTER HOLDING "ROSSIE NEEL"

the August issue. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that which exists between our first serial and our second in setting and in character, but they are akin in historical and literary value and in sustained suspense. If you have missed any part of the tender tale of Sally Fairfax, you can make up for this lack, at least in part, by missing no detail of the stirring story of Gudrid.

"The Romance of Old Dolls" will form the subject of the third article in our series, "The Spirit of the Hand-made." **Helen Siebold Walter**, one of the greatest authorities on the subject in this country, is

the author of this article which reveals to a remarkable degree both the knowledge and the depth of feeling which caused her to create, upon request, the Williamsburg group of dolls and the Pilgrim dolls for the Hotel Mayflower. Her beautiful old home in Staunton, Virginia, serves as a fitting setting for the collection which she has developed to fine arts rank; and it is a pleasure to show her in characteristic old-fashioned attire seated upon a sofa which is worthy of being a museum piece and holding in her hands "Rossie Neel," a late Victorian doll dressed in dove grey satin, which is one of the chief ornaments of her collection.

OFFICIAL MINUTES

NATIONAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT

SPECIAL MEETING

June 1, 1938.

THE special meeting of the National Board of Management was called to order by the President General, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., in the Board Room, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C., on Wednesday, June 1, 1938, at 12 noon.

In the absence of the Chaplain General, Mrs. Rex, the Lord's Prayer was repeated in unison.

The Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag of the United States was given.

The Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Heaume, called the roll, the following members being present: *National Officers:* Mrs. Robert, Mrs. Haig, Mrs. Heaume, Mrs. Herrin, Mrs. Schermerhorn, Miss Schwarzwaelder, Mrs. Nason, Mrs. Sisson, Mrs. Steele. *State Regents:* Miss Chenoweth, Mrs. Blakeslee, Mrs. Sinclair. *State Vice Regent:* Mrs. Brundage.

The Treasurer General, Miss Schwarzwaelder, moved that 39 former members be reinstated. Seconded by Mrs. Herrin. Carried.

The Registrar General, Mrs. Nason, read her report.

Report of Registrar General

Madame President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

I have the honor to report 465 applications presented to the Board.

ISABELLE C. NASON,

Registrar General, N. S., D. A. R.

Mrs. Nason moved that the 465 applicants whose records have been verified by the Registrar General be elected to membership in the National Society. Seconded by Mrs. Schermerhorn. Carried.

The Organizing Secretary General, Mrs. Schermerhorn, read her report.

Report of Organizing Secretary General

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

It gives me pleasure to report as follows:

Through their respective State Regents the following members at large are presented for confirmation, as Organizing Regents:

Mrs. Lucile Oakes Sparger, Mt. Airy, North Carolina.

Mrs. Eva McGuire Watson Swimley, Amherst, Virginia.

The following authorizations of Chapters have expired by time limitation:

Eastborough and Lyons, Kansas

Minden, Louisiana

Lakeview, Oregon

Buffalo Valley, Covington, Dickson, Dresden, Rogersville, Rutledge, Mt. Juliet, Smithville and Watertown, Tennessee.

The State Regent of New Jersey requests the re-appointment of Mrs. Katharine Hayne Stratton as Organizing Regent at Ridgewood be confirmed. Her term of office expires this month.

The State Regent of South Dakota requests the authorization of the Chapter at Madison be renewed.

The Fort Blount Chapter at Gainesboro, Tennessee, has met the requirements according to the National By-laws, and is now presented for confirmation.

HAZEL F. SCHERMERHORN,

Organizing Secretary General, N. S., D. A. R.

Mrs. Schermerhorn moved that Mrs. Lucile Oakes Sparger, Mt. Airy, North Carolina, and Mrs. Eva McGuire Watson Swimley, Amherst, Virginia, be confirmed as Organizing Regents. Seconded by Mrs. Sisson. Carried.

Mrs. Schermerhorn moved that Mrs. Katharine Hayne Stratton be reappointed as Organizing Regent at Ridgewood, New Jersey. Seconded by Mrs. Nason. Carried.

Mrs. Schermerhorn moved that the authorization of the chapter at Madison, South Dakota, be renewed. Seconded by Mrs. Nason. Carried.

Mrs. Schermerhorn moved that the organization of Fort Blount Chapter at Gainesboro, Tennessee, be confirmed. Seconded by Mrs. Nason. Carried.

The Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Heaume, read the minutes of June 1, 1938 meeting, which were approved.

Adjournment was taken at 12:20 p. m.

JULIA D. HEAUME,

Recording Secretary General, N. S., D. A. R.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

(Organized—October 11, 1890)

MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL
Seventeenth and D Streets N. W., Washington, D. C.
NATIONAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT
1938-1939

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Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

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Mrs. JOHN NEWMAN CAREY, 1916
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Mrs. HENRY BOURNE JOY, 1935
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Mrs. WILLIAM B. BURNET, 1937

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Mrs. CHARLES BEACH BOOTHE, 1938
Mrs. WILLIAM N. REYNOLDS, 1938
Mrs. ELLET GRANT DRAKE, 1938

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BLUE RIDGE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.....	Dr. George P. Mayo.....	Bris, Virginia
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All questions on State and Chapter By-Laws which it is desired be checked or inspected for conflicts with National Rules should be sent to

Mrs. JOHN TRIGG MOSS, *Parliamentarian*, 6017 Enright Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

National Society Children of the American Revolution

(Organized April 5, 1895)

Founder, MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP (Deceased)

National Board of Management

(Address all Officers in care of Memorial Continental Hall)

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A State Director has charge of the work in each State

Total membership of Society, around 10,000 Total number of Societies 497
Latest National Number 44,604

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❖ IF I COULD TALK TO YOU ❖

SARAH CORBIN ROBERT

HOW often I wish that I might step up to a microphone and broadcast accounts of happenings here at headquarters in Washington, the little incidents that justify our efforts! From the day's mail come letters good and bad that would interest each member. On this page, therefore, I shall sometimes write of items that I would tell, if I could talk to you.

In a recent contest sponsored by the Professional Writers' Club, covering a year, the results in the class for "published magazine articles" were as follows:

First prize: "Arboreal Archives" by Pearl Stewart; NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, May, 1938.

Second prize: "Miracle House" by Marie Lomas; NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, April, 1938. Miss Lomas is an active worker in our Society.

The third prize went to an article published in the *American Legion Magazine* which was reprinted in the *Reader's Digest*.

You may share in the satisfaction from this signal honor in the fact that the quality of the articles in our MAGAZINE is winning recognition. One note like that helps those of us who are working here in Washington to forget many a discouragement. Doesn't it make you want to work the harder for the MAGAZINE?

Members often wonder whether their contributions toward our special projects serve their purpose. Two letters of recent date may help you to decide. A young student asked for information regarding our Naval Policy from the office of our Committee on National Defense Through Patriotic Education. After a debate between teams of two of our greatest Universities, he wrote: "You have been extremely generous with both your time and effort in sending me information. . . . The issue is an important one, but intelligent discussions of the subject are rare indeed. Our team upheld the affirmative and was fortunate enough to win by a unanimous decision. . . . Since in many points your information was our only source of material, yours is a large share of the victory."

The supervisor of the elementary division of the adult-education program in one of our largest cities, in asking for our Manual for Citizenship in each of the eighteen languages in which it is printed, recently wrote: "Students in these classes will study prescribed courses in naturalization and American history. . . . A major part of the instruction will be based upon a study of the Constitution of the United States. . . . Available and helpful as your Manuals have always been, they will be more welcome than ever as very useful aids in facilitating the program. . . . There will be a demand for the use of your Manuals for thousands of foreign-born students. The help afforded by your splendid Organization, therefore, comes at a time when it will be provocative of the greatest possible good."

The National Chairmen of Committees are all appointed. Two states now holding National Chairmanships report that they have never had one before. Several states also hold a National Vice Chairmanship for the first time. We made an effort to assign a National Vice Chairmanship in every state. In a district of small membership, this is difficult. In one division, for example, we have but five states with comparatively few members. The next division eastward contains eight of our thickly populated States. Our experience indicates that a revision of our seven divisions is desirable. Chairmen are preparing plans with an enthusiasm which forecasts creditable accomplishment. This year we are trying out a new method of presenting outlines of committee work. Printed in duplicate, all will be mailed at one time direct to the Chapter Regent who will retain a copy for herself and will distribute the others to individual Chairmen. Chapter Regents should soon be receiving this important new pamphlet.

Speaking of committees, I shall in the future have a greater feeling of respect for the Committee Book published each summer for I now realize as never before that each of the 2,000 names listed requires an exchange of letters, and, if an appointee declines, sometimes an exchange of several letters for each name.

One-half of the entire membership in Delaware attended the summer conference at Rehoboth Beach. The same proportion in some states would mean a gathering of many thousands. Though Delaware is small, attendance for some meant driving two hundred miles. Perhaps an explanation is that Saturday was the day, and the place an ocean beach and summer resort. Just before the crowded season, special week-end rates were possible for those who wished to stay. The morning meeting was given to informal talks mostly regarding the hopes and aspirations of the State Chairmen. With the early closing of offices, many Juniors arrived in the afternoon. Two speakers and music followed the luncheon. Some of those organizations committed to the spread of un-American doctrines do their best work in summer. Through summer camps and recreation centers, they take advantage of the good fellowship offered by added leisure. Therein lies a suggestion for us. Why not follow Delaware's idea? Hold an informal summer conference!

In contrast, you will be interested in these few lines from a State Regent out "in the great open spaces."—"Held an executive meeting Sunday afternoon so husband could drive. I drove 320 miles; second Vice Regent, 400; Chaplain, 200; and held meeting in the town of the First Vice Regent and Secretary. The First Vice Regent left for the West Coast so that our quorum was shy." How little we appreciate the efforts that some of our officers have to make to accomplish their fine record for the National Society!

